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BARRETT

The
"HAPPY ALLEGHENIAN"

By
M. L. RHODES

University of Pittsburgh
Bradford



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CLIFFORD B. BARRETT

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By
M. L. RHODES

Introduction by
Bishop Walter A. Sellew, M. A.



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CONTENTS

CHAPTERS	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	5
FOREWORD	7
I. GENERATION	9
II. "THE WILD ALLEGHENIAN"	16
III. A MOCK SERMON.....	22
IV. REGENERATION	28
V. "THE HAPPY ALLEGHENIAN"	34
VI. SANCTIFICATION	40
VII. THE DIVINE PURPOSE REVEALED—TO THE WORK	44
VIII. AN ACTUAL VISION OF HEAVEN AND HELL.....	55
IX. THE SUBLIME EFFECT: AN INTENSELY SPIRITUAL AND DEVOTIONAL LIFE.....	61
X. A LITERAL HOLY OF HOLIES.....	69
XI. ITINERANT LABORS	71
XII. REMINISCENCES OF ITINERANCY.....	89
XIII. REMARKABLE ANSWERS TO PRAYER.....	110
XIV. INCIDENTS OF PRAYER.....	128
XV. MISCELLANEOUS INCIDENTS	139
XVI. GOD AND THE MINUTIAE OF LIFE.....	161
XVII. THE DEPARTURE	166
XVIII. IMPRESSIONS AND TRAITS OF A UNIQUE CHARACTER	172

INTRODUCTION

Who can estimate the value to the world and to humanity of a holy life? What price can be placed upon the actual and practical results of such a life? Who shall fix the standard by which we are to measure and weigh the value of such lives when the names of the men are practically unknown, and when they have never made any stir in the world, and when they have never created so much as a ripple either in war or in politics or in society or in business nor in any phase of worldly life? Can we safely and surely compare these men who have thus plodded their weary way through this world with the men of great renown unless we look beyond this span of life, unless we shall see things in the light of eternity, unless we get the heavenly vision? Eternity is a factor that may be ignored and neglected and rejected, but it cannot be evaded.

Clifford Barrett, the subject of this sketch, was certainly a holy man whose eye was single to the glory of God. His life was not divided either in its aim or in its purpose or in its operations. Through a long life he never wavered or deviated from the one great purpose he had in view. He worked and toiled here in the world as his opportunities came to him, but he lived in eternity.

In this book there has been made a splendid effort to describe a man, a life, a character, that are in-

describable. There never was any one at all like C. B. Barrett, and it is doubtful if there will ever be another who can be put in the same class with him.

There was so little available material with which to construct this book that it required several years of patient searching in order to obtain the necessary matter, and the author is certainly to be commended for the effort he has made in that direction. He has, however, succeeded in getting it, and has given us a very readable book which will be heartily welcomed by a large number of Father Barrett's friends; and those who never knew him cannot but be greatly helped and inspired by reading this record of a decidedly unique life.

WALTER A. SELLEW.

Jamestown, New York.

FOREWORD

Ever since the demise of Mr. Barrett, some of his friends have felt that some one ought to write a book of his life. But in the course of affairs, that task—that duty, was neglected. Led by the incentive that the life and works of a truly great man would soon be forgotten, and the opportunity for doing much good by a published account of his life lost, this work was finally undertaken by the author.

It is much regretted that the lapse of time since the death of Mr. Barrett, during which much of real interest in his life has passed into oblivion, and the natural reticence he showed during his lifetime respecting personal affairs, has rendered impossible a detailed account of his life. Many incidents will be found in this book, however, which Mr. Barrett would have been unwilling, from a sense of humility, to disclose for publication. The facts and incidents herein given, although gathered from many sources, are of unquestioned authenticity, many of them being verified by numerous but similar accounts. It is possible, but hardly probable, that in a few instances inaccurate accounts respecting minor details are given.

To ministers and laymen who have kindly furnished data, incidents, and sketches, grateful acknowledgment is made. The author has taken the liberty of using without credit many accounts of

incidents and abstract quotations from their writings; and also of abridging, in some cases, their sketches for want of space. For the same reason, a number of interesting and deserving sketches have been left out entirely.

M. L. RHODES.

CLIFFORD B. BARRETT

The "Happy Alleghenian"

I

GENERATION

Bethlehem, Grafton county, New Hampshire, is somewhat peculiarly distinguished. Nestled among the foot-hills of the scenic and picturesque White mountains, the "Switzerland of America," the place is well situated for natural beauty; while beyond its limits, both contiguously and remotely, the undulated and abrupt contour of the earth's surface has a charm of grandeur that is altogether sublime. Visions of lofty summits, and from heights over dales and beyond, lend enchantment to its appreciative inhabitants and visitors, as if in providential enhancement of their pleasures and joys.

Distinction of place, however, comes not alone of beautiful environment, which is the least important reason for its eminence. A place is sometimes better known, and the remembrance of it more enduring, by the great men it produces than by the natural beauty of its surroundings. Bethlehem was the natal place of a great man, a morally unique character, of commanding personality. His frequent detailed mention in public meetings of the place of

his natural birth, always with the phrase, "near the White mountains," and as well of the place of his spiritual birth, "in McKean county, Pennsylvania,"—due to a slight eccentricity of genius—was familiar to thousands of persons; while the fact of his greatness was apparent to all who came into close or frequent personal contact with him.

On May 6, 1821, there was born in Bethlehem to Thornton and Betsey (*nee* Reynolds) Barrett a son of designed heavenly celebrity and great blessing among men. That son was Clifford Bean Barrett. To be endowed by birth with that strength and vigor of body and mind that characterized primitive manhood would be an inestimable boon; but to be born under a specific divine purpose in life means the bestowal of an incomparably greater blessing. He was the honored and grateful recipient of such a blessing, although its revelation came not to him in youth.

The ancestry of Clifford Barrett was of most honorable mention, the family lineage, both paternal and maternal, being traceable to Puritan progenitors of the Plymouth, Massachusetts, colony. They did not bear the distinction of having come over from England on the Mayflower with the Pilgrim colonists who landed at Plymouth Rock, December 22, 1620, but were honored as being with the free-born Puritans who had courage equal to their convictions respecting their rights of freedom of belief and liberty of worship in connection with the intolerant authority of the established Church of England, and who afterward emigrated to Ply-

mouth, increasing and strengthening that colony. The parents of Clifford were born near the scenes of their ancestors' colonial strife, the father in Massachusetts, on March 27, 1777, and the mother in New Hampshire, on October 15, 1773. His grandfather, on the paternal side, served as a private in the Revolutionary War for a period of six years, participating in the engagement at Bunker Hill. He was once taken prisoner by the Indians, but escaped with his life.

To Thornton and Betsey Barrett was given the blessed heritage of many children, ten in number, of which Clifford was the youngest. The parents being loyal to the spirit of true devotion to God possessed by their forefathers, were firm believers in Christ and held membership in the Methodist Episcopal church in the days when "old-fashioned" Methodism was a strong, living force, a holy and godly institution of power and glory; and they endeavored to promote the honor and sacredness of the highly important trust of youthful lives confided to them by instructing their children in the rudiments of the Christian religion and bringing them up in the "nurture and admonition of the Lord."

When Clifford was a few days less than eighteen months old a sad and heart-rending sorrow, such as can come only to a family of little ones, befell the father and children. The wife and mother, the joy and comfort of the home, was taken to her eternal reward. She died on October 31, 1822. Although little Clifford knew no deep anguish of

heart, no crushing sorrow, yet the greatest comfort of his young life was taken away. A mother's love and caress, which no other could give, was lost.

A few months later, on January 24, 1823, Thornton Barrett was united in marriage with Abigail Bean, and the motherless children, who could not forget their past sorrow, were in a measure comforted. To that union were born eight children. Clifford's second name was after that of a brother-in-law, and not that of his stepmother.

Eye Kicked Out by a Preacher's Horse

From the time of his mother's death until Clifford was seventeen, very little of his history is known. At about twelve years of age he met with a very distressing accident, which nearly cost him his life and deprived him of one eye. A Methodist preacher, one of the old-time "circuit-riders," with his usual means of travel, an equine roadster, and equipment of spacious saddlebags and its few but sacred contents, called at his father's home one time and remained over night. His father was the proprietor of a hotel in Bethlehem, and his house, although conducted as a source of monetary gain, was the home of the preacher and the pilgrim stranger. During the minister's stay there, it was the natural and youthful pleasure, and possibly the duty, of Clifford to help in caring for the preacher's horse. He was leading it to or from a watering-trough when the animal, which was young and frisky, got beyond his control and playfully kicked at him,

striking him on the left eye. The sight was destroyed, but the injury did not leave a scar. It is probable that the horse had no shoes on its feet, or that it was so far away from the boy that the shoe or the hoof barely reached him; otherwise the accident might have resulted more seriously or fatally. But in the providence of God the lives of some people are appointed to a special purpose or service from the earliest of their existence; and the seal that designates their appointment is the marked divine care of their lives. Such was the case in the life of Clifford Barrett. In after years, when speaking of that event, he has occasionally been heard to say, "The Lord clipped one of my wings so I would not go so fast in my wild life."

In common with other pioneer settlers of that day, the Barrett family endured many privations and hardships unknown to this progressive age, among which was the lack of educational advantages. The little old log school-house, with its puncheon and deskless seats, which graced the lone settlements in many localities, afforded but meager advantages for learning. While the advantages for improvement varied with different localities, the young people in many places were unable to obtain an education even in the common branches of study. During his boyhood days Clifford Barrett probably attended the common school in Bethlehem as opportunity permitted. His education was very limited, being scarcely such as the spirit of the times demanded in the common walks of life.

As a boy Clifford was an industrious, good-

natured, jovial, and generous sort of chap, kind-hearted and true always. His amiable disposition won its way into the hearts of his playmates and associates, and his dignity of mien commanded the respect and friendship of all who knew him. But the woful disturbance of sin marred the beauty of his young character as he grew to manhood. Although he retained many of his good qualities, he departed from the ways of his youthful training and began a life of abject sin.

Lives With an Infidel Uncle

During the year of 1837, Nathaniel Barrett, an uncle of Clifford, who had previously removed from New Hampshire to Utica, New York, settled at Farmers Valley, McKean county, Pennsylvania, where he followed the vocation of farming. Shortly after that time Thornton Barrett, with his wife and children, followed and bought a farm joining that of his brother.

Nathaniel Barrett had no one to assist him with his work and in the pressure of farm affairs that bore heavily upon him he sought relief from the family of his brother, which could easily spare a boy. After some conversation between Nathaniel Barrett and his brother, Thornton, it was mutually agreed upon that Clifford, who was then a stalwart young man of seventeen years, ever willing and obedient almost to a fault, should live with and work for his uncle. Nathaniel Barrett was a Universalist, or an infidel, as his nephew was wont in after

life to call him when alluding to their association together; but as Clifford had been brought up under the teaching and influence of Christian parents and the church, and was to be near home where he could still be under the advice and instruction of his parents, it is probable that little fear was entertained of his imbibing the erroneous belief of his uncle. But his youthful mind, naturally teachable and receptive, and now in a measure free from religious restraint, was an easy prey to the pernicious example and instruction of infidelity, and he was more or less influenced by infidel notions, which finally became firmly established in his mind.

Under the baneful influence of his infidel uncle, and with no one to throw daily around him the saving effects of the gospel, Clifford Barrett lived seven long years, or until his uncle's death, during the year of 1845. His notions of infidelity were changed to grave apprehensions under the ordeal of the death-bed scene of his uncle. Fear and horror surcharged his heart as he stood at the bedside of his foster parent, who, in his lingering, benighted death, clutched with a last hopeless grasp at the straws of human belief. Clifford then said that he did not want to die such a death as his uncle died. Yet the tenaciousness of unbelief was not so easily loosened, and did not yield fully even in the event of this family calamity; and young Barrett soon relapsed into a state of indifference and doubt, from which only a dire judgment of God eventually delivered him.

II

"THE WILD ALLEGHENIAN"

Soon after the death of his uncle, Clifford Barrett entered into the business affairs of life for himself. He obtained employment in his own neighborhood as a laborer at various kinds of work connected with the manufacture of lumber, from the cutting of the logs to the handling of the finished product. During harvest time, when not otherwise employed, he labored on farms in the vicinity of his home. But the work he was engaged in mostly for a half-score of years was that relating to the delivery of lumber to the markets. That work mainly included making *"grubs," rafting the lumber and running or floating it to the distant markets at Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Louisville, and other places. Much of the rafting was done at Larabee, Pennsylvania, where Potato creek flows into the Allegheny river, and the rafts were run down the Allegheny and Ohio rivers. At that time Northwestern Pennsylvania furnished vast quantities of lumber to the country, which was floated to the

*Grubs were made of the butt end of saplings, two inches in diameter and about three feet long, the root end being formed into a square-shouldered knob. They were used to hold the outside boards of the rafts together by means of auger holes.

market centers. The rafting was usually done in the spring of the year, on account of the high water, or "rafting stage" of water, incident to that season and necessary to float the rafts over the bars and riffles. During "rafting time," when the water was at the proper stage for "pulling out," there was usually a lively demand for oarsmen. Besides being a lucrative job, the novelty and pleasure of "running on the river" was more or less fascinating to many workmen, who gathered at the various starting places seeking a "trip down the river." Clifford Barrett acted as a pilot on some of these river trips.

A River-trip Love Affair

It was a common occurrence when making a trip on the river for the water to fall quite rapidly, leaving the channel too shallow for the rafts to float above the obstructions of stone and gravel. When that happened they were usually "tied up" to await higher water. On a certain occasion Clifford Barrett was left in charge of a raft that had been thus detained by low water. This event, however, caused no regret on his part, but instead afforded him much pleasure, and formed in his heart an attachment for a particular place and its adjacent vicinity, which he ever after frequently visited during his lifetime. The raft was landed and tied at Tionesta, Pennsylvania, and the raftsmen all returned to their homes except Clifford. As there was no rise in the river, he remained at that place during the summer in the employ of the owners of

the raft. He soon became acquainted with a Miss Harriet Hunter, of Tionesta, which acquaintance-ship ripened into courtship, and sometime afterwards resulted in their marriage engagement. The marriage was postponed, however, at the instance of Miss Hunter's parents on account of her youthfulness, and because of that delay it was never consummated; for during the year following the landing of the raft, Miss Hunter was taken ill with the measles, from which she did not recover, death resulting on December 26, 1852.

Clifford Barrett's sorrow of heart was very great over the loss of the one he loved and cherished in his heart as his wife; for in the noble traits of his natural heart, deep and true affection and devotedness were ascending elements, and in the years of his life consequent to the engagement, his loving remembrance of her was an inviolable obligation, and he never loved any other woman. He had anticipated the happiness of a connubial life, but his brightest hope was suddenly wrenched from his bleeding heart. The altering Hand, which controls the course of destiny for eternity-bound creatures, and holds one in responsible relationship to others, had a higher and grander purpose of his life than was possible with him in a married relationship. And the course of events in connection with his engagement was changed to suit that high purpose, which was eventually to engage his utmost abilities.

From the time that Clifford Barrett became thoroughly skeptical regarding the truths of divine revelation until about the year 1853, a period of ten

or twelve years, he seemingly had no definite and precise ideas respecting his relation to God, notwithstanding the fact that he had received religious training in early life. His ideas of Universalism, or infidelity, had so greatly trammelled and darkened his understanding and intercepted the enlightenment of the Holy Spirit, that he wholly discounted the religious teaching of his youth and held as abjectly ridiculous the religion of Christ. His disbelief in and disregard for sacred things had its usual progressive effect of great indifference and excessive wickedness and blasphemy. Where there is no respect for Christian principles, there is but little restraint of evil propensities, and the worst of carnal human nature, wholly evil without God, asserts itself with malignant effect.

Given a Name in Keeping with His Character and Vocation

From Clifford's lumber-camp and river associates, his most congenial companions, who found pleasure only in the haunts of vice and sin, he had every inducement and allurements to a wild and reckless life. They represented a type of lower manhood which found a respondent element in his own nature, and toward which he gravitated with appalling rapidity in his early association with them, and in later time exceeded the bounds of their wickedness in some respects. In the recklessness of his moral character and the boldness and presumptuousness of his disposition as a scoffer at the relig-

ion of Christ, and particularly at the Methodists, who were vivid and energetic examples of the Christian faith, he evinced that the working of Satan's malicious devices were in glaring operation in his depraved heart. He openly avowed his daft ideas of religious unbelief, and took upon himself to ridicule the adherents of the Christian faith. The false professors of religion who regarded divine truth as having more or less flexibility, were also targets for his attacks, because of the inconsistencies of their lives; while the true professors, who walked blameless in the light of God's word, escaped none of his relentless censoriousness for their uprightness of heart. The spirit of self-conceit, common to all skeptics, possessed his mind and gave rise to foolhardy blows on the eternal Rock of Ages, which rebounded to his own detriment, like self-inflicting kicks against the pricks. Because of the wickedness of his life and his employment as a riverman, he was given an appropriate nickname by his companions in the early part of his career on the river. He was known far and near as the "Wild Alleghenian." "For years in the lumber woods and on the river, according to his own testimony, 'with a whisky bottle in one pocket and a deck of cards in the other,' he was known as the 'Wild Alleghenian.'"*

As a young man Clifford Barrett did not seem to fear God, man, nor the devil. Deity and future rewards and punishments were vague possibilities

*MacGeary's Outline History of the Free Methodist Church.

with him—too fictitious for serious consideration. The present life only was real, and he lived merely as a mortal, passionate man with men of like character, disregarding any demarcation of moral distinction. In the temporal existence of his animate being, spirited revelry and glee strongly characterized his disposition. In no way were those characteristics more clearly marked than in a blasphemous practise of reproachfully imitating true preaching. Mounting a pile of lumber or a bunch of shingles on the raft during a river trip, or getting on a stump if he were in the woods, young Barrett would preach mock sermons in imitation of Methodist preachers, for the amusement of his companions.

Although Clifford Barrett was a wicked man, especially in the sense of committing blasphemous sins, yet he was never mean, quarrelsome, or overbearing in his nature, unless it was when he was filled with “booze.” Generally he was good-natured, tender-hearted and unpretending. His disposition to be kind and generous, with a jolly and fun-loving propensity, made for him many friends among the devotees of worldly pleasure, many of whom sought only the gratification of their sordid and selfish natures.

III

A MOCK SERMON

A crisis comes in every one's life which determines, to a greater or less extent, his future destiny. A day or an hour or a moment may mark the crisis of one's fate. How vastly important, then, is that pivotal period upon which may possibly hang a decision involving eternal life or death!

Clifford Barrett reached a crisis in his wild career when he was thirty-two years of age which effectually exploded and dispelled his infidel ideas. It also brought him suddenly to a certain realization of a superhuman Being in the person of Christ and of a supernaturalism in His religion. Likewise it brought him under a state of bitter disquietude, and to a serious and fearful contemplation of the impending wrath and indignation of a just but merciful God. The decision he made in that critical moment resulted a few weeks or months afterward in his conversion to God.

That event was the preaching of a mock sermon on a Methodist camp-ground somewhere along the Ohio river. It was not the first attempt at counterfeit preaching the "Wild Alleghenian" had ever made, but it was the last one. He had gained the distinctive title of "Elder" from his lumber-jack associates, possibly on account of the so-called ser-

mons he had preached and that he was a leading spirit in all their revelings and did not forbear to show his “broadness” of mind in matters of religious belief, nor the derision and scorn in which he held Christianity.

With a crew of six or eight stalwart raftsmen Clifford Barrett was running a river fleet from the headwaters of the Allegheny river to the lumber markets below Pittsburgh. Being driven to shore by a fierce head wind, just at the time of a sudden rise in the river occasioned by heavy rains, they had tied up the raft to await more favorable conditions. Barrett and four other men of the crew then went on foot to a town three or four miles from the place where they had landed to make some necessary purchases. On their return trip they arrived at a place where the Methodists had held a camp-meeting and had left the stand and seats on the ground, possibly as a permanent place for holding meetings. It is probable that they felt somewhat hilarious, especially if the town they had just visited were a place where whisky was sold. At any rate, having no demands on time, but with an insatiable desire for fun and frolic, they went upon the ground, and then called upon the “Elder” for a prayer and a sermon. The “Elder” was always prepared for such impromptu calls and went about the false service with a passion born of extreme viciousness. Taking his position on the stand, he announced a hymn, which was sung in part, and then made a prayer; and being pretendedly at a loss for the want of a Bible, he irreverently substituted for that sacred book one

of his shoes, having just gotten a new pair, which he placed on the pulpit with the remark that he would take his text from the sole of his shoe. The text he announced, which he had likely heard some Methodist preacher use as the basis of a sermon, was this: "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God" (Psalm 9: 17). From that text he gave forth an unpurposed volley of truth that wholly dissembled his real character, and that was entirely foreign to his heart and life. He launched forth into a mock sermon using language he had heard from Methodist ministers on occasions when he had heard them preach. He warned his companions of the results of sin, pictured hell to them in language common in Methodist pulpits in that day. As he was talking a strange power seemed to take hold of him and the words did not seem his own. The Spirit of God, in irresistible power, took possession of him for the time being and impelled him to give utterance under inspiration to thoughts and truths ordinarily beyond his power of mind, with an unction awful in its sin-penetrating effect upon the hearts of his companions. And as he talked the force of his words reacted powerfully on his own heart. He was held uncontrollably by a spirit of exhortation, and seemingly could not cease to talk until the Spirit of God brought his sermon to a solemn finish. The opportune time for his awakening had come, and God used the means best suited to his needs, such as would loosen the shackles of skepticism, and cause the hearts of his companions to quail with deathly fear. Near the close of his

sermon, he was rendered powerless and speechless for a short time. Something seemed to strike him on top of the head and go through his whole body; and in that condition an awful conscience-smiting sensation of divine disapprobation and conviction settled upon him and filled his heart with terror. He thought death had come, and recovering himself somewhat placed his hand over his heart to feel whether it were beating. Realizing that he was mocking God, he feared that he would be sent directly to hell. In trepidation and despair akin to that of an utterly lost soul, he got down with difficulty from the stand, and with a spiritless voice said, “That’s my last, boys.”

While he stood before his companions so powerfully moved upon by the Holy Spirit, their hearts were pierced with pungent conviction. They were speechless, and not a smile played on their lips; their mirthfulness had vanished, and sober and serious thoughtfulness was depicted on their death-like countenances. In consternation they fled from him, as he got down from the stand.

Clifford Barrett may have realized at that moment, when he was under the power of God, that one drop of divinity, to use a homely expression, has more fact in it than an ocean of infidelity; and that however ridiculous and foolish the Methodistic manner of life had appeared to him, it might after all be a good thing, when death seemed imminent, to be able to die after the fashion of Methodists. As a probable reminder to him of God’s special providence in his case, “the Lord put a mark upon him

by partly inverting the great toe of the foot to which belonged the shoe he used as a Bible."

When he joined his companions, not one of them had a word to say; and they maintained their silence until they reached the raft. A more sober and serious crew of rivermen possibly never journeyed along together before nor since; and it is altogether probable that they all sought and found favor with God. They never made any more demands of the "Elder" for sermons; for they knew too well that "God is not mocked." And while they may not have been familiar with the Scriptures, yet they knew by intuition that by a repetition of that act a more severe judgment might come upon them, in which God would "laugh at their calamity and mock when their fear cometh" (Prov. 1: 26).

The Strange Effect of a Feigned Sermon

Fortunately excessive wickedness sometimes wields a contrary influence, and Clifford Barrett's life, in some respects, was an example which many doubtless avoided as bordering too near the brink of final destruction. One instance is known where positive good resulted from his wickedness as a scoffer at religion. He was going down the Allegheny river with a raft of lumber, and was obliged to land the raft and tie to shore on account of the water being too high for safe navigation. In the town near which they landed a revival-meeting was in progress, and in the evening the raftsmen attended the service. The following morning, goaded

by the instigation of evil companions, and with a desire to ridicule the meetings, Barrett stood in an elevated position, and in imitation of the minister they had heard, preached one of his characteristic sermons to his fellow oarsmen. One of the raftsmen, whose name, it is believed, was Joseph Stull, was powerfully convicted under the pretended sermon and thought he would surely die. He began to seek the Lord, and was soon converted to God. For many years he lived a holy life, and died triumphantly in the faith.

IV

REGENERATION

In a mountainous rural district skirting upon the village of Smethport, McKean county, Pennsylvania, there lived a Presbyterian lady, the wife of a farmer, whose name was Mrs. Zera Tubbs. It was during the first years of the second half of the nineteenth century, when as yet the westward course of civilization and progress had scarcely obliterated the traces of pioneer life in that community. Mrs. Tubbs was a woman of deep piety and singular devotion to God, her religious profession being graced by a rich heavenly possession; and by much prayer and personal effort on her part conditions were obtained which resulted, during the summer of 1853, in a revival of religion of widespread interest and glorious effect in the neighborhood.

Surrounded by a people of mixed religious belief, who were unthoughtful of the things that are essential to spiritual welfare, and who regarded only the worldly affairs of life, Mrs. Tubbs was drawn out in love and compassion toward them, and greatly yearned for the salvation of their souls. There was no meeting-house, or place of public worship, in that vicinity, except at Smethport, a distance of four miles; and as the country was wild and the wagon roads hilly and very poor, those who

needed the gospel in its saving power were generally disinclined to travel that distance to attend religious services. In the ardor of her desire to bring salvation to those near her who were without God and hope in the world, Mrs. Tubbs invited her neighbors far and near, among whom were a few Christians, to meet at her home one Sunday evening for the purpose of holding a prayer-meeting. Only a few persons, chosen of God, responded to her invitation. The following Sunday evening another prayer-meeting was held, the number of attendants being somewhat greater than at the first one; and with each succeeding weekly meeting the interest and attendance increased, until within a short time the capacity of the farm-house was unequal to the large gatherings. The community became stirred and awakened under the influence of the Holy Spirit, and very soon men, women and children began to seek God.

Among the number who became interested in those country-side prayer-meetings was Clifford Barrett, erstwhile skeptic but now quaking under the distressing consciousness of an offended God. Since the time of preaching his last mock sermon, when the Spirit of God dealt so severely with him, he was fearfully ill at ease in mind, being burdened with a sense of guilt, fear, and anxiety. The thought of his personal responsibility, and the reality of things pertaining to his future happiness or remorse, bore upon his mind with overwhelming effect. So great was the burden upon him that he tried to get away from the place of the meetings, thinking that it

would ease the state of his mind and soul. The devil provided a means of escape for him, as he did for Jonah, by way of some companions who were going on an extended journey. But the providences of God, which had been made so evident to him, were not to be frustrated. In his preparation to leave he decided to have his hair cut just before the company was ready to start. While the barber was doing the work he accidentally cut one of Barrett's ears, which bled profusely. On account of much bleeding and the unsightliness of having his ear bandaged, he did not accompany the party. That detention resulted in his attendance at the revival services at the home of Mrs. Tubbs.

Many things transpired after Clifford Barrett was seized with conviction which heightened his distressed condition of mind and soul. One of them was an event which occurred on the Ohio river just above the rapids at Louisville. It is probable that this occurrence was coincident in point of time with his mock sermon. He was in a skiff and by some mishap lost both oars. The boat was going rapidly toward the falls, where it would have been tossed about and probably capsized. Apprehending his danger Barrett seized the seat-board with both hands and violently wrenched it from its fastenings. With that he laboriously worked himself to shore, only in time to avoid a possible drowning.

There is no doubt that in his repentance Clifford Barrett's sinful nature revolted at the thought of the reproach he was bringing upon himself in connection with "getting religion," and a fierce combat

was at once waged against his soul. He felt himself, although yet in sin, contending against unseen powers that were beyond his strength to cope with. He discovered, as do all true penitents who draw near to Calvary, that to bear the cross of Christ, to take to himself in a broad sense His name and nature, means also to bear His reproach, to receive the scorn and stigma of former companions. Desiring to evade that which he had especially disdained and ridiculed among true Christians, and to follow out his own ideas of religious conduct, he declared that he was not going to be a "hallooing Methodist." He said, "The Methodists halloo as though God Almighty were deaf. If I ever get religion, I'll be a Presbyterian; they act respectably."

But Clifford Barrett was a man of deeper principle than to spurn the light that came from God, when he was in a reflective frame of mind. And being guided by that principle, the thought of carrying out his own ideas against what he doubtless knew was the Spirit's revelation of God's will was wholly repugnant to his better nature. He walked in the light of his convictions when the dark cloud of trial had vanished, and became one of the most demonstrative "hallooers" in the Methodist church.

Sincerity in doing what he knew to be right was a strong characteristic of Mr. Barrett. When the Lord revealed Himself to him in an unusual way, as He did to St. Paul before his conversion, his eyes were opened to the truth of the religion of Christ, and he began to inquire the way to God. Now that his mind had undergone a radical change respect-

ing matters of religious belief, and he no longer labored under the temptation to run away from God, he had a strong desire to attend the prayer-meetings at Mrs. Tubbs.' The burden of his soul, and the longing of his mind for peace, intensified that desire to meet with God's people.

Encounters a Personal Devil

When the invitation to seekers was given at the next meeting, Clifford Barrett was one of the number who knelt at the mourner's bench. Thus the "Wild Alleghenian" was subdued; for he was now determined to be a Christian. It was a time for rejoicing among the saints, and one of astonishment on the part of sinners. When he knelt at the mourner's bench, it seemed to him that some one stood just behind him, who was about to grasp his coat collar and pull him over backwards from the bench. The presentiment was so real to him that to prevent it he took hold of the lapels of his coat and pulled them tightly around his neck. The devil himself was there to prevent the loss of a once-willing subject, and he wisely reasoned that should his "wild" servant become converted, he would be as actively engaged in works of righteousness as he had been in those of unrighteousness. An elderly lady, who possessed the experience of holiness, knelt at the altar by the side of Mr. Barrett and began to pray for him. As she importuned the throne of grace in behalf of his soul, he broke forth in earnestness of prayer. In her pleadings for his

salvation, she mounted as in a climax to certain expectation, and cried, “O Lord, Thou wilt save him”; and then still ascending until the acme of holy triumph was reached as if by special gift of faith, she exclaimed, “O Lord, Thou dost save him.” And that moment the peace of God filled his soul, flooding his entire being with a torrent of heavenly joy.

He now entered upon a newness of life that was so radically different from anything he had ever thought of in connection with “getting religion” that he was overjoyed beyond conception. He could not contain his feelings, and became very demonstrative in his newly-found joy. If there remained any trace of infidelity in his mind after the experience he had on the Methodist camp-ground during his recent run on the river, it was now wholly dispelled, and he believed on Jesus with full assurance of faith, receiving His saving grace in his heart. He was now conscious that salvation is a glorious fact; for in its possession he had the internal evidence of its divine reality, the Holy Spirit Himself. And none could gainsay the truthfulness of his evidence; for he had been transformed from a low plane of existence with wicked men and evil spirits to an exalted one in Christ Jesus, and was fitted for present association with just men made perfect, and for eternal habitation with God, angels, and redeemed spirits.

V

“THE HAPPY ALLEGHENIAN”

Mr. Barrett's character was inimitable. The strength of his will power was like that of iron. When he set about to perform a task, especially one connected with the performance of religious duties, nothing could deter him from its accomplishment, and his definite spiritual achievements were many and glorious. He was wholly for God; and that meant not only a life of devotedness but also, to him, the absolute abnegation of self-life, and a splendid endurance of the adverse things that make for stable Christian character. With a zealously determined effort to win out in the Christian course, to pass beyond the limit of moral standards set by the common example of worldly-minded Christians, to bring the practical things of Christianity up to the level of its true ideals, and to give wide avoidance to the bare possibility of spiritual restraint with its attendant evils of retrogression and morbidness, his early growth in grace and in the knowledge of God was steady and rapid. In his Christian works he showed himself as zealous for the cause he had espoused as he was energetic in doing the works of the devil before his conversion. None of his boldness of character or animation of spirit was lost in the transition of his soul from darkness to light, but

he continued to use those natural qualities with unabated vehemence, but in a different direction. Mr. Barrett did not permit the devil to tie his tongue nor congest his lungs; he effectually used both for God under all circumstances. The spirit of liveliness that so vividly characterized his sinful life, now found expression in a holy zeal for God, seasoned with knowledge; and his disposition of joviality and pleasantry was now one of joy and thankfulness. He no longer mimicked the "back-woods" preacher, but in a way became one himself, exhorting, testifying, and praying at every opportunity afforded, in public worship and in personal dealings with souls.

In his work on the river and in the lumber camps he was so ardent in his zeal for righteousness, and so supremely happy through manifold blessings, which gave rise to frequent shouts of praise, that he was given the name of the "Happy Alleghenian," in lieu of the "Wild Alleghenian," which had become inappropriate. "The change wrought in him by grace was thorough and radical. He became a happy, zealous follower of Jesus. He still followed the lumber business, but now from his heart sang and shouted the praise of God, exhorting sinners to seek Him, and was rechristened by the rivermen 'The Happy Alleghenian,' a name by which he was known until the time of his death." (Bishop MacGeary.) In after life he was also known—generally derisively—by the name of "Gumball." Being only of average height, and weighing about two hundred pounds, when the

Spirit of God came upon him, he sometimes bounded, even in old age, with the agility of youth, not unlike the motion of a gum ball. For many years throughout western Pennsylvania, the name of "Gumball" was familiar to thousands of people of all classes, many of whom had never seen Mr. Barrett and did not know him by any other name. "On one occasion as Mr. Barrett stood by the preacher's stand talking, in a meeting in a school-house, the power of God came upon him, his face lighted up with divine glory, and he gave a leap into the middle of the room; a second leap took him into the vestibule doorway. How he shouted as he went! I remember thinking, as I witnessed this, that *he bounded like a rubber ball, and made no more noise than a ball when he struck the floor.* He was a heavy man, but we always noticed how lightly he touched the floor when under the power of God. How convincing to the unsaved was his glory-lit face and the wonderful manifestations of God's power in him." (Mrs. C. L. Cornelius.) Other names by which he was known were, "Happy Barrett," "Jumping Barrett," and the "White Mountain Amen Man," the latter given because of his frequent allusion in public testimony to the place of his birth.

Although he once contemned and persecuted and scoffed at the Methodists, and said he would not be one of them, Mr. Barrett never felt better nor happier than when, after his conversion, he was assembled with them in a religious meeting. Being naturally hilarious and free from moroseness he

became a very noisy "hallooer" under the blessing of God, and the thing to which he disdainfully objected before his conversion he now found the source of true joy. He was naturally joined to them, and when opportunity was afforded, soon after he was converted, he united with the Methodist church near Smethport.

In the work of delivering rafts to the markets along the Allegheny and Ohio rivers, and possibly in rafting the lumber, Mr. Barrett had a contract with a Mr. W— after his conversion. Just how long he worked under that contract is not definitely known, but it covered a period of at least one year. He had accumulated a sum amounting to about five hundred dollars, which he entrusted to the care of his employer, who was a member of the Methodist church and was regarded as a man of probity. But the man proved to be a false brother, and by some crook of law or breach of moral principle evaded the payment of his obligation when it was demanded, and Mr. Barrett suffered the complete loss of his money. He felt his financial loss very keenly, but did not have the inclination or desire to enter into litigation, especially with a brother in the church, which is expressly forbidden by the word of God. Although comparatively young in the Christian life, having been converted only about a year previous, a condition under which many would have weakened and sought the courts of justice for redress, he stood firm and unmoved in the faith. He did not permit the loss of his money to detract from the intercourse of his soul with God, but rising above it

he moved onward and upward through conditions of adversity in the course of his spiritual growth. With a spirit of meekness usually found only in the lives of persons of mature experience, Mr. Barrett made no accusation against his brother, and spoke no evil of him. He bore his trouble in silent sorrow. And he held naught against the man but love and pity. What nobility of character do the words of his half-sister, Mrs. A. A. White, portray to us: "I well remember of his speaking so kindly of the man who wrongfully kept all the money that was entrusted to him." Such triumph over circumstances through grace as Mr. Barrett had even at that early time in his religious experience was magnificent and heavenly.

Mr. Barrett's Christian walk was not a languishing one. With true spiritual sprightliness he "walked in newness of life," with "all diligence," regardless of the fact that certain members of the church of which he worshiped were prone to deviate from the ways of moral rectitude and true righteousness. He did not measure himself by those around him, but aspired to be like Jesus. If others failed to "press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus," it had no discouraging effect upon him. He clung more closely to Jesus, who in the day of His humility was forsaken by His most intimate friends, and is abundantly able to succor those who suffer like trials.

In his firm stand for righteousness against the evil influences of those who merely profess religion, the following incident, which occurred the summer

after his conversion, shows the integrity of Mr. Barrett's heart. He was working during harvest time for a farmer who was a member of the Methodist church, but whose diligence in religious matters was less than in worldly affairs. The farmer made it a rule to cut down as much grass for hay at one time as possible, and risk the possibility of getting it wet by rain while in the process of curing in the field. One Saturday he had a considerable quantity of hay in the field when night came, and the next morning, on Sunday, the weather indications very much favored rain for that day. After doing the necessary chores and eating his breakfast, Mr. Barrett changed his attire in readiness for attendance at religious services. The farmer, still in his working clothes, and unmindful of the sanctity of the day and of his holy profession, said to his hired man: "Are you not going to help to get in the hay to-day?"

"I do not work on Sunday," answered Barrett, without a moment of reflection.

"Well," said he, "your Bible says that if your ass or ox falls into the ditch you must get it out even if it is on Sunday."

"Yes," was the retort, which came without fear of offense or contradiction, "but it does not tell you that you may take it out of the pit on Sunday after working all day on Saturday to get it in."

VI

SANCTIFICATION

While Mr. Barrett had a wonderful experience in saving grace, the fact of a propensity in his heart to sin was self-evident. It was manifested in one form or another, and greatly hindered his spiritual progress. That disposition was due to the indwelling of the Adamic nature, which passed in judicial penalty upon all men; "for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. 3: 23); and is only eradicated through sanctification of the Holy Spirit. To retain that principle in his heart would have meant to dwarf his soul, cripple his spiritual graces, and render his life comparatively useless. He found out that it is impossible to attain to a vigorous growth of Christian character while contending with all the elements of inbred sin; that there can be no maturing and ripening of the fruits of the Spirit when the heart is the seat of conflicting principles; and that the greatest degree of success in life is possible only with those whose hearts are clean and who are baptized with the Holy Ghost and fire. He may have been cognizant, too, of the fact that the Spirit-baptism is necessary to make our lives accord with the word of God; for it says, "Be filled with the Spirit" (Eph. 5: 18).

When Mr. Barrett came to the end of self, to his

place of Golgotha, where only the fulness of Christ is revealed, he found God in His sanctifying grace; for the abounding Christ-life is received only after a death to the carnal and self-life. Christ in His fulness enthroned meant sin and its power dethroned. His heart became the seat only of holy principles, of pure motives and aspirations.

The exact time or year when he was sanctified wholly is not clearly known. Bishop J. S. MacGeary places the time as three years after his conversion. In that connection the following extract from a letter by Rev. J. B. Freeland is given:

"I was converted in the winter of 1854, and it was the next spring that I met Clifford Barrett at Cincinnati, Ohio. He was employed in caring for some rafts, as I also was in looking after my father's rafts. I returned to Allegany, New York, after my father's lumber was delivered. It was the same summer, I think, that the incident occurred in regard to my needing a clean heart* and subscribing for the 'Guide to Holiness,' of which Brother Barrett was a subscriber and for which he was an agent. If so, he was fully saved at that time, in 1854. But it is possible that it was not until the next summer, in 1855. It could have been no later than that, I am sure, as I received the experience of perfect love in the summer of 1856. I am positive in my remembrance of having been a reader of the 'Guide' before that date."

Mr. Barrett attended some of the first camp-meet-

*See Character Sketch by Mr. Freeland elsewhere.

ings of the National Holiness Association, particularly at Martha's Vineyard and on the Round Lake camp-ground, in New York, and it is believed that he was sanctified at one of those meetings, possibly two years after his conversion.

The usual hindrance of unconcern and indifference on the part of seekers for holiness, so frequently met with, was unquestionably no fault with Mr. Barrett. The lack of an intelligent understanding or perhaps of any knowledge whatever concerning the doctrine and experience, may have accounted for his not obtaining heart purity at an earlier date in his Christian life. The doctrine of holiness of heart, obtained instantaneously as a second work of grace subsequent to that of regeneration, was not so universally recognized as Biblical and so prominently taught, and the experience so frequently observed then as at the present time. And the opponents of that most essential doctrine, who were predominantly associated in the Methodist church with those who sanctioned the doctrine and were benefited by the experience, confused the minds of many seekers after heart purity, and disturbed the peace of not a few spiritual meetings. The disinterested way in which many persons seek for holiness, occupying months or years and seemingly never arriving at a definite state in that grace, when by earnest application of mind and heart they could obtain the experience within a reasonable length of time, which in most cases under present gospel light would be but a few days or hours, was wholly out of keeping with Mr. Barrett's intense methods of

Christian service and his short-cut way of reaching a throne of grace.

It was common knowledge that Mr. Barrett maintained at all times a clear, definite experience in sanctifying grace, and gave constant and frequent testimony to it. If he ever lost the Spirit's witness to that work, the fact is not known. According to his own statements, when shadows of darkness or doubt began to creep upon him, he sought the covert of secret prayer, and ceased not to pray until God gave him victory and the full assurance of his standing in grace. He was very precise in the manner in which he expressed himself when testifying to perfect love. He upheld the doctrine and experience with true apostolic zeal, and urged the grace upon all saved persons as a glorious present-time possibility, a necessary state, pressing many, very many, into an immediate enjoyment of the experience.

VII

THE DIVINE PURPOSE REVEALED—TO THE WORK

The special purpose of God concerning Mr. Barrett, to which reference has been made, had relation to gospel work. It was unfolded to him as step by step he was led to grander visions of the cross and into greater avenues of usefulness. He was called to the work of God and qualified for that work by the Holy Spirit alone. That was sufficient apology for his efforts in that respect.

That God frequently calls from the common walks of life laborers whose natural gifts are very limited, and whose intellects are uncultured by human knowledge, is an evident fact. Superior natural abilities and educational advantages, although greatly to be desired and of inestimable value to those who are called to work for God, do not necessarily constitute the qualifications that go to make a successful Christian worker. God frequently favors the "unlearned" and the meek upon whom He bestows the honor of being co-laborers with Himself, "that no flesh should glory in His presence" (1 Cor. 1: 29). The work of God is altogether spiritual and absolutely requires spiritual qualifications, which are solely the gift of God, to carry it on with any degree of success whatever. The measure of real

success attained is the measure of spiritual power possessed, other conditions entering in as wholly subsidiary. The word of God is explicit in its teaching that the baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire is the specific qualification that makes a worker after God's own plan.

When Mr. Barrett realized that his whole time, his every talent, and all the energies of his being were demanded in gospel work, he conferred with no man, but went forth under the commission and authority of the Holy Spirit alone. The call of God was felt by Mr. Barrett soon after his conversion; but it seems that within a few months he lost the grace of God out of his heart for a short time because of this call. His own natural weakness preyed upon his mind until he lost sight of his sufficiency in God. That he did not give up his religious profession entirely seems evident, however, from statements of a near relative. He soon recovered his former state of grace and thereafter manifested great zeal in his Christian life and work.

After receiving the enduement of the Holy Ghost and fire, Mr. Barrett lived constantly under the energizing and refining influence of the Holy Spirit, and in fulfilment of a great purpose, the salvation of souls. His constant fiery baptism, his passionate fervency in devotion, his simplicity and faith, and his strenuous and incessant labors in the gospel made him an effectual worker and gave him a very high degree of success in his calling. In his ardent labors, he was like his Master, whose bleeding, anguishing, and passionate yearning for souls was

the singular devotion of His life while on earth. About two years after his conversion, Mr. Barrett became prominent as a spiritual exhorter, although his ability in that respect was nothing beyond the ordinary. His calling was recognized by the Methodist church, in which he then held membership, and he was given an exhorter's license by a local conference of that body. At that time he spent a considerable portion of each year in attending camp-meetings, quarterly-meetings, and revival efforts. During the early spring and forepart of the summer he rafted lumber and "ran" on the river in order to be able to defray expenses during the summer campaign of camp-meetings.

Preaches His First Real Sermon

The third year after his conversion Mr. Barrett felt led to give up his work on the river entirely and devote all his time to the gospel. While he was making a hay-rack on the farm of his brother, Willis Barrett, who lived on Marvin creek, in McKean county, one June day, in the year of 1856, the call to labor in the great white harvest field of human souls was urged upon him with overwhelming power of the Spirit. He remarked, in substance, that there was no salvation in the kind of harvest work he was doing, and started at once to obey the Spirit's call. Going up the creek to the King's school-house, he announced that he would preach the following Sunday afternoon. That was the "Happy Alleghenian's" first sermon, so called.

In the summer of that same year Rev. C. D. Brooks held a camp-meeting at Farmers Valley, the old home of Mr. Barrett. The last night of the meeting the services continued until daylight. Sinners were called to the altar three times, and over eighty souls were converted. At that meeting two of Mr. Barrett's half-brothers were converted, one half-sister is believed to have been converted, and his father, who had fallen from grace, was reclaimed.

Although his calling in life was not the highest in the catalog of spiritual gifts, yet those who knew him, especially in later life, were convinced by his great usefulness and marvelous success in God's work, of the vast importance of that calling. He never became a regular preacher, but oftentimes preached from a text when asked to do so. His calling was to preach everywhere at all times; to preach to a few individuals rather than to multitudes; in homes rather than in pulpits; and by private conversations rather than by public ministrations. To give impartation of the Holy Spirit through personal superabundance as well as by vocal word, and to declare the gospel of Christ by example as well as by precept, was his great forte. His discourses consisted mainly in the relating of personal experience and in powerful exhortation. Putting his whole heart and soul into the work, he made things move, and his energies knew no relaxation. He succeeded not because he was brilliant, but because he worked in the Spirit and the Spirit worked through him. His success was due, in a great measure, to the proper use of a few talents rather than to a diversity

of talents. Being a genius for Christian work and activity, with a few talents he did a greater work than many gospel workers do with many talents; and for that reason was greater in the kingdom of God. He was extreme, but not beyond reason, in his methods of gospel work. In that regard, bare possibility alone circumscribed his efforts; opportunity was without limitations. And his labors were always accompanied by a divine unction unusual in degree. The ordinary and common-place things that come in the way of Christian service engaged much of his time. As every little service for Jesus is a preparation for a greater one, and every neglected opportunity to do good a backward step that permits of certain defeat, he meted out a gospel potion to every one he conversed with, or commended them in prayer to the love and mercy of God. The little duties of personal labor which engaged his time outside of regular meetings were wonderfully blest of God in the accomplishment of much lasting good.

While Mr. Barrett was a man of one book, the Bible—and his Bible was not one that accumulated dust, reflecting to its owner a rust-covered experience—he frequently carried about with him certain religious books and papers, and was anxious that every one possible should read, or listen to the reading of, certain marked portions of them. He seemingly considered it no waste of time, energy, or money if he could encourage or help only a single soul in a whole day of weary effort.

Laboring for the salvation and spiritual advancement of grown people was not the only work of Mr.

Barrett. He took kindly to juvenile work, and was a favorite with the children. His company was eagerly sought by them, and sometimes at camp-meetings he was thronged by their number. As a true friend of children, he was "kindly affectioned" toward them and deeply interested in their spiritual welfare. In private conversations or in public meetings held for children, he invariably captivated their minds with his interesting and helpful talks, and led many of them to Jesus. He could always entertain them with Indian stories and songs in the Indian language, endeavoring constantly to instill into their young minds some fundamental truth.

Once upon a time Mr. Barrett stopped at a home where there was only one child, a young girl. The parents were living in sin and were not willing to yield their lives to God. But being an ardent spiritual worker Mr. Barrett found resources in his own mind that were a means to their salvation. He turned his attention to the salvation of the child, not as an artifice merely, but mostly on account of the deep concern he felt in his heart for her. Taking the girl by the hand, he gave expression to his sincere desire for her salvation. They knelt in prayer and she was happily converted. It was only a short time until the parents were also saved.

At another time near New Wilmington, Michigan, he was entertained in a home where there were two small children, a boy and a girl, aged about three and five years respectively. Mr. Barrett repeatedly took the little boy into his bedroom and there prayed for him with loud shouting and praises to God. During

one of his seasons of prayer, the little girl became so wrought upon by the Spirit that, with uncontrollable emotions and scalding tears, she ran into an adjoining room and there began to pray and then to shout.

If Mr. Barrett chanced to be in a home where there was a baby without a name, he would christen it Lodema. Then he would relate this incident which came under his observation: Lodema was the child of infidel parents, but she was a Christian. She lay on her bed in the throes of mortal disease, surrounded by her parents and her happy spiritual adviser, when to all appearances, without a word or gesture, she passed away. As preparations were about to be made for her burial, they were startled by her sudden return to life. She then told them what she had seen and heard in the spirit-world, and exhorted her parents to repent and become Christians. Then with countenance beaming forth with the glory of God, she said, "Dear Jesus, you said if I came and told them, I could go back"—and then mortal life and its work was ended.

As a personal worker Mr. Barrett was decidedly efficient. He used great tact and wisdom in dealing with souls, and led inquirers after God into definite and deep experiences. Being well qualified by a deep experience, he was wonderfully used of God in ministering to those who needed special help. Many lives that were filled with sadness and discouragement were greatly comforted by a few loving, gentle, and persuasive words from his lips, fraught with the Spirit's power. He always dealt thus with the disheartened and downcast and the wayward; and never

by harshness, accusation, or by silent negligence did he increase their depression and frowardness. As he was never repulsive, but always manifested a spirit of love and friendship, he won the hearts of people in all conditions of life. When instructing mourners he knew just what to say and when to say it, and urged them to an unconditional surrender and immediate acceptance of proffered peace and grace. His loving spirit and gentle ways were conditions—wrought by much prayer and deep intercourse with God—that led to great results in his work. His oft-repeated expression, “You never can win any one for God through harsh means; you know you can always catch more flies with molasses than with vinegar,” was somewhat homely, but it contained the essence of truth. He oftentimes found favor with certain persons, and was enabled to approach them on religious subjects, and possibly do them lasting good, when others more competent in some respects were repulsed. Near Bradford, Pennsylvania, lived a man and woman in easy circumstances. Oil had been “struck” on their farm. With the thought only of worldly prosperity and comfort, they were living for time and self. Mr. Barrett entered their home one day and deftly turned their thoughts into a new channel. He told them that God had placed the oil in the bowels of the earth and gave men intelligence to “bore holes in the ground through which the wealth they were enjoying came.” Pressing home the truth to their hearts, he soon had them in tears, and then, without waiting for a “more convenient season,” he had them on their knees. He prayed and labored

with them until they were born into the kingdom of God. In triumph of faith they lived and died, as trophies of his genius. He knew how to build up the work of God, whether it were new or old in point of time; how to lead young converts on to deeper things and higher places in God; and indifferent church members to greater earnestness and usefulness. "He was strong in exhortation, and very remarkable in prayer; his 'secret prayer' could often be heard for nearly a mile," says Rev. M. L. Schooley. "But I think his strongest point was in helping young converts right after a revival-meeting. On one occasion I held a successful revival-meeting at a mining town on the Allegheny river. It ran for three weeks, and we organized a class of twenty-six. The day I left for my circuit, Brother Barrett reached the place, not knowing that the meeting had closed. He at once began to visit from house to house, and to hold prayer-meetings, with great benefit to all. I returned in three weeks; he left the same day, so I did not see him at all; but I found the work most remarkably developed under his labors. Being so simple and childlike in his manner, so fully blest and so encouraging to the 'babes in Christ,' *they had developed more under his labors during that time than ordinary converts do in as many months.*"

Being directed by the Holy Spirit in all his labors, Mr. Barrett frequently arrived upon scenes of spiritual conflict, in revival efforts, or where subtle declension was working havoc, in the very nick of time, just when his prevailing and potent efforts were in greatest need. And his strenuous labors,

under the anointing of the fiery baptism and of burning love, were the express means of victorious conquest in many such meetings and places. His efficiency as a gospel worker of the true apostolic type was recognized by such men as Bishop B. T. Roberts, founder of the Free Methodist church, and Dr. J. W. Redfield. The latter was a revivalist of renown. In a camp-meeting he was holding one time, the powers of darkness were an overwhelming force. Mr. Barrett arrived on the ground, and grasping him by the hand, Dr. Redfield said, "Brother Barrett, you are a godsend." One of his vociferous shouts of Hal-le-lu-jah would drive many devils away, and a number of such shouts would break the spell of satanic depression.

The assiduity and success of Mr. Barrett's labors in altar services gave him wide recognition and placed his services in demand wherever he was known. As a worker in that capacity, as well as in other respects, he was not a product of human culture but of divine grace. Notwithstanding his efficiency, his individual instructions to seekers at the mourner's bench were few and simple. Promiscuous laboring around the altar was wholly discountenanced by him. In leading struggling souls through the narrow gate, he dared not to trust his own judgment, or depend upon his own ability, but waited for the promptings of the Holy Spirit. *He talked much to God about seekers, at that critical stage of their lives, rather than to seekers about God.* And his work went deep and thorough. Under his labors, many found the glory side of the cross with

definite conceptions regarding their new relationship and its obligations.

"In dealing with seekers at the altar, he was most judicious. He was not over zealous to help all that were at the altar; nor would he even go to help individual seekers if urged to do so, unless led, as he has said, by the Spirit. And he would often kindly suggest to others to be careful not to go ahead of the Spirit in dealing with souls. Because of his success in guiding souls to the kingdom of God, and helping them to see the simplicity of faith, every one awaited results when Brother Barrett knelt beside a seeker." (Rev. A. Bean.)

"I was attending a camp-meeting in the Genesee conference one time, when I met my friend, C. B. Barrett. He introduced me and my wife from the stand as 'Brother and Sister Berkheimer, of the Pittsburgh conference, who have the same kind of salvation that is prevalent on this ground.' At the evening altar service he inquired of me about the pilgrims at our home, and just then a man came in a great hurry and requested him to go to the other end of the altar to advise some one there. He replied, 'All right, I live close to the postoffice; if the Lord sends me a message for that man, I will hasten to deliver it.'" (Rev. J. E. Berkheimer.)

VIII

AN ACTUAL VISION OF HEAVEN AND HELL

The transition of the soul from earth to paradise without the intervention of death is an experience that few persons have had since the world began. "Enoch walked with God, and he was not, for God took him" (Gen. 5: 24). And "Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven" (2 Kings 2: 11). These were translated to be forever with the Lord. A number of persons have died and then have come to life, and after relating what they saw in the spirit world, were taken again. But not many persons have been shown the realities of the eternal world and were then permitted to come back to life to remain indefinitely. The transition of Paul, when he was "caught up to the third heaven," or "paradise," and that of John, when he was "in the Spirit" on the Isle of Patmos, were temporary realizations of paradisiacal enjoyments. Such heavenly ascensions, whether corporeal or merely spiritual, of permanent or temporary duration, are not without special purpose in the divine plan of conferring blessings upon humanity.

In latter times, instances of soul-transitions to paradise of discontinuous duration are indeed rare. Mr. Barrett at one time had such an experience. It occurred some time during the year following his conversion, or possibly at a somewhat later

period. He was at a meeting in a school-house in the neighborhood of his boyhood home, in Pennsylvania, his half-sister, Adeliah Barrett, a young girl about fourteen years of age, being also present. The presence and power of God being eminently manifested, they were having a most blessed service. During an outpouring of the Spirit, Mr. Barrett fell under the power of God. His half-sister says, "His breathing, for a moment, seemed like one dying and then he appeared like one dead for at least two hours." Two angels appeared to him as the dissolution of soul and body took place, and he was borne away in their company toward heaven. If any conversation passed between Mr. Barrett and the angels at any time, the fact is not known. The celestial guides did not pursue a perpendicular course, but followed that of an acute angle. It all seemed so real to him, even more so than earthly conditions. He looked at his hands; they were like those of his natural body; his features were apparently unchanged. But he was without gravity; and terrestrial gravitation did not affect him. In the rapidity of their flight heavenward, distance seemed to be annihilated. Soon the celestial city, in the glittering splendor of its exceeding brightness, appeared in view. The ecstasy that filled his soul at the mere sight of that "four-square city," is not within the compass of human language to describe. The glory of God and the Lamb, which is the light thereof (Rev. 21: 23), thrilled his soul with rapturous and inexpressible delight. But the twelve foundations of the wall of the city, which were garnished with all manner of precious stones; the

wall itself of jasper; the "city" of pure gold, like unto glass; the twelve gates, each one of pearl; and the street of gold, transparent as glass; all in themselves of gorgeous beauty and attractiveness, were things of indifferent interest as compared with the full and complete presence of Jesus within its four walls.

As they approached an entrance to the glorious place, the gate of pearl opened and they entered the portal of rest. Mr. Barrett then saw Jesus in the visible reality of His majestic, divine person. He sat upon a throne, and seated around Him was an almost innumerable company of redeemed spirits from all nations and times, and from infancy to old age. As they advanced toward the throne, Jesus came down to meet them. How blessed to behold his Lord and Master! but, oh, what burning sensations of immortal joy he felt as Jesus looked upon him with pleased countenance. Could it be true that Jesus left His royal seat to greet him, and that His visible face beamed forth tokens of approbation? Oh, what impassionate love! What condescension of supreme exaltation! Yes, it was so real.

The Lord showed Mr. Barrett the river of life, which sparkled with the luster of crystals, and the tree of life "in the midst of the street of it," "which bare twelve manner of fruit, and yielded her fruit every month" (Rev. 22: 1, 2). The glory of the Lord shone effulgently everywhere, giving light to the city and happiness to the redeemed and to angels. It appears that Mr. Barrett understood that he was to return to earth. He evidently was not forgetful of

the manner in which he left his body, nor the circumstances in connection with the dissolution, and he requested the Lord to permit him to remain. But taking him outside the city, through the same gate he entered, and beyond the impassable gulf of separation, there, at the very doorstead of hell, Jesus disclosed to him the state of damned spirits. The things he then heard and saw were fearful in the extreme. With diabolical cursings and blaspheming, and with writhings and gnashing of teeth, one upon another, they agonized in merciless torment. In pitiless and disconsolate association, they found no reprieve of anguish; but with utter despair and implacable vengeance one accused the other for his damnation, saying, "If it had not been for you, I would not be here." Oh, the thought of such a scene. After such a vision and such a hearing of the damned, Mr. Barrett was ever after a man of intense and incessant prayer and labor. He was anxious to return to earth to labor for the salvation of souls. But Jesus would not send him back to earth from such a scene. He was taken back to the celestial city and permitted to enter again. Jesus then told him to return and *persuade* men to turn to Him. He also told him that if he would perform the work faithfully that was given him to do, at the end of life he would pass away just as he did at the meeting. In that regard his half-sister, Adeliah (now Mrs. A. A. White), again says, "It was all brought so fresh to my mind as he was dying. Every breath was just as it was at the time of his passing away in the meeting." Here is the testimony of God Himself,

in taking Mr. Barrett at death just as He did over forty years before, to the effect that *he did the work of God in a faithful manner throughout his entire ministry. And the inference is that he lived an intense, dynamical life in God, such only as would give to his gospel labors the greatest possible degree of success.*

The angels then led him forth from the city and back to earth. In his descent, coming down at the same angle he ascended, he saw the globular form of the earth, then the great expanse of country with its cities, rivers, and lakes. As he approached nearer, he saw here and there persons who seemed to be clothed in white, which represented the spiritual garments of righteousness. He also saw his body lying on the floor of the school-house and the people about it. The angels accompanied him to his body, and then for a moment he seemed not to realize anything until he felt some one rubbing his hands to aid the circulation of blood.

The wonderful manner in which the Lord exalted and honored Mr. Barrett was a great inspiration and incentive to greater activity in gospel work. His "visions" no doubt incited him to the extraordinary spiritual heights and conquests that were his. Avoiding even the appearance of boasting, he did not often relate his experience. On a certain occasion, in a camp-meeting tabernacle service during a rain storm, when most of those assembled were believers, he was divinely led to tell his heavenly experience, and the effect upon all present was very marked.

The facts given in this account have come from many sources, but are coincident one with the other. The author also heard Mr. Barrett relate the experience.

IX

THE SUBLIME EFFECT: AN INTENSELY SPIRITUAL AND DEVOTIONAL LIFE

In the annals of Christendom men have shone with unequal luster in the moral firmament, like stars of different magnitude. Some have displayed the brightness of the morning star, while others have been less conspicuous in their terrestrial glory, yet withal were as magnificently lighted cities set upon hills. With gleams of heavenly radiance they have shed halos of light upon the rugged cross on which the Prince of glory died, and revealed to waiting souls the secret way to the hidden things of Christ. We owe to God for the inspired lives of such illustrious men a debt of profound gratitude.

It is no wonder that among those who have greatly excelled in the things that make for divine splendor in human lives, the subject of this biography was eminently distinguished. As an inspiration to holy living and intense heavenly mindedness, what could surpass a superexaltation in the realm of spirit, or the supreme manifestation of the divine presence! Even down to old age, and to death, such an experience incited Mr. Barrett to the deepest spirituality. He was not in after life an ordinary man in the sense of being a saint, but possessed extraordinary qualities of heart and mind.

The singular and distinguishing characteristics of his animated life were the enlivened expressions of an uncommon and intensely fervent spirituality. His conception of an ideal life was beyond the ken of ordinary thought; and the sublime result he achieved through grace was the formation of a character in the exact similitude of Christ's likeness. The possession of a Christ-like life, intensely practical, devotional, and Spirit-filled, was his only aspiration after the wonderful revelations that were made to him. Each succeeding day he strove to be as near like Jesus as divine grace and constrained human effort could make him. And the Christian graces were so richly and deeply implanted in his heart, and the personality of the Holy Spirit so powerfully manifest in his life, that he seemed like one from the paradise of God. In the lowliness of his mind and the humility of his life, he exemplified to the world the spirit and character of his divine Master, that most beautiful and Christ-like grace of the Spirit, the transcendent diadem, "which is in the sight of God of great price" (1 Pet. 3: 4), shining with brilliancy of luster and in the loveliness of supreme splendor in his life.

He lived in the closest possible touch with the mind and will of the Spirit, and in the most hallowed blessedness of His personality. His sphere of mental activity was wholly beyond the narrow compass of worldly thought. Only in a passing way, as they were absolutely necessary to the comfort and welfare of his mortal being, did the things of time and sense call for solicitude on his

part. But the things of Christ prompted the very thought and intent of his heart, indited every word of his lips, and dominated his every action. Being a eunuch for the kingdom of heaven's sake, there was little in this life outside of God to engage his thoughts. In the voyage of life's journey, he knew how and when to let go of the debris of the world and self, with its peril of inundant darkness and gloom, and cling to the rugged cross alone, which bore him up with the swelling tidal waves of divine glory to the mount of transfiguration, where physical elements vanish and are lost in the effulgent splendor of a resurrected Christ. He was absolutely estranged from the world. And as the love of worldly pleasures, which seem resplendent with gorgeous hues to the unwary nominal Christian, are the foibles only of that class, its fascinations to him were without allurements. He distinctly and minutely followed out, always in the Spirit, a course of every-day action that essentially made his life one of earnest, godly simplicity.

To form an acquaintance, or to meet and converse with Mr. Barrett, meant to reveal the depths of one's heart relationship with God. His direct, searching questions were well calculated to reveal the inmost secrets, and to draw out the soul in humble confession and penitence to God, or to strengthen and establish by definite acknowledgment and testimony. All the faculties of his mind and soul, and all his energies and efforts, were concentrated upon the one thing needful, Christ in us, in His fulness, the hope of glory. He was invested with supernal

grace and supernatural power, not alone that he might enjoy life, but that others through his labors and influence might be made partakers of Christ's nature. He lived every day as well as though it were his last, and as though it had been extended to him for a specific purpose. At times the effulgent glory of the Lord, with thrilling and rapturous effect, shone forth in apparent halo from his saintly countenance, while his glorious facial expression and spiritualized person inspired one with greater courage and fortitude. Being thrilled with the buoyancy of his first love, with the added fervor and rapture that ever accompanied its perpetual increase, he excelled in the things that add beauty and strength to character, and was successful in spiritualizing those conversant with him in a degree possible only with one living always under the Holy Ghost baptism of glowing fire.

But fruit that is ripe has passed through many storms, and he who gathers roses is pricked by merciless thorns; so a life that abounds in a wealth of grace, glory, and power is not one of uninterrupted ecstasy. Mr. Barrett's depth and richness of experience came through trial as well as "blessing," through adversity as well as favor; otherwise he never would have attained to the ground he held. He bore the chastening fire of trial not only that he might escape the afflicting fire of hell, but that he might have and enjoy the life-giving and energizing fire of the Holy Ghost. In conflict with the enemy, he apparently knew no defeat, but by constancy, firmness, and resolution won every battle. On the

side of an unflinching and determined mind, he found certain victory. He believed in defeating the devil by “rejoicing evermore” in temptation. The devil with his subtle stratagems never found him lacking in vigilance when once he became “rooted and grounded in the love of God.” While he could not escape the attacks of the enemy, who, to use his own words, “came at him with hoofs and horns,” he kept him at bay until deliverance came. He successfully withstood the opposing forces of evil, having “put on the whole armor of God.” When he was tried almost beyond endurance, he held still in the glowing furnace until the image of God was reflected, and the enemy was convinced of his defeat. He was invulnerable to the missiles from the devil’s battalions; for his shield was the “faith of God,” and his retreat the Son of God. He came out of the fiery furnace of trial free from dross, rather than with an accumulation adhering to him. By patience, endurance, and perseverance he surmounted immensurable difficulties of trial—unlike Bunyan’s characters, “Formalist” and “Hypocrisy,” who went around the hill of Difficulty. He encountered no impediments to his progress heavenward but that were apparently made subservient to his advancement, as designed in the divine plan of spiritual growth; and that which was obtruded by the enemy to hinder and weaken was made to help and strengthen, by being overcome, and worked out to him the “peaceable fruits of righteousness.”

In proportion as he progressed in the life of Christ, was he severely tried. Much prayer and close living to God did not exempt him from trial, nor did

it mitigate his suffering under trial, but only added to the frequency and severity of it. But he was a man who earnestly desired to be like Jesus. And if he contended for that which was for his greatest good, if he knew that victorious conflict with the enemy has its subserviency of spiritual growth, and that the enhancement of his present-life enjoyment and happiness, as well as the augmentation of his usefulness in the work of the Lord, depended upon a right attitude with respect to the trials of life, then he welcomed the chastening rod and "fiery trial"; he "counted it all joy when he fell into divers temptations"; he "let patience have her perfect work" in the furnace; and he "gloried in tribulation."

Doubtless he had faults and failures in common with other men. But they were scarcely evident to ordinary scrutiny. His failures were stepping-stones to strength, power, and success, while his faults led to experience, and experience to correction.

Mr. Barrett lived momentarily in a spirit of assiduous prayerfulness. That was the secret of his intense spirituality. His constant inspiration to such a life was the richness and newness of divine glory that ever awaits those who knock persistently and frequently at the door of blissful intercourse with God. He preceded, interspersed, and concluded every action seemingly with prayer. His thoughts and words were permeated by prayer, and were fragrant with the Divine presence. Almost as soon as he entered a home, he had prayer; he prayed at family worship, and found occasion for praying audibly

with or for some one many times a day. No one calling to visit him could carry on a conversation scarcely fifteen minutes until Mr. Barrett would broach the matter of having prayer, sometimes with the words, "My knees begin to feel like bending; let us pray," or, "What do you do when your knees begin to bend?" Before and usually after each meal of which he partook, he offered prayer, oftentimes mentioning each item of food. Then he would sometimes say, "That is the way I pay for my meal."

But in the secret of his closet he prayed as few persons are wont to pray. By the frequency and fervency of his secret prayers, his semblance of Him whom he loved and worshiped was made perfect, and the glory of Christ's presence that was revealed in and through him was intensified. From the beginning to the end of his Christian warfare, he seemingly never became languid in that joyful duty. The cares of life and the unwished things of the world seemingly did not come between him and his secret devotions; nor did he yield to any influence or power that would cause him temporarily to neglect his closed-door or open worship of God.

Mr. Barrett oftentimes would say, "You pray for me and I'll pray for you; that's the way all good Christians do." "Praying quick and getting blest quick," as he expressed it, was the ardent habit of his life. Always when he prayed, "brightest, brightest glory" fell; and not only when he prayed, but frequently at other times he "felt the symptoms." The intense purpose and humility of his heart was shown in his physical attitude while praying. He

always knelt on both knees, and no circumstance could divert him from that practise. If praying where the ground was wet, as he once stated, he would place a piece of wood or a stone under each knee, rather than kneel only on one knee.

The prayerful life of Mr. Barrett was a vivid demonstration of the fact that the one who prays the most lives the best, and the one who lives the best loves the most. Hundreds of persons are doubtless living to-day who can attribute their conversion to the prayers of Mr. Barrett, or whose Christian characters have been molded and fashioned, by the same means, in the likeness of Christ; while hundreds more, who have been thus led into the kingdom of grace, have gone to their glorious reward.

In keeping with an ardent spirit of supplication, Mr. Barrett was abundant in thankfulness and praise to God. He possessed those graces in a high degree throughout his entire Christian life without apparent relaxation of fervor. If he exercised one of his distinctive marks of character more than another, thanksgiving and praise did not fall short in predominant excellence. He fulfilled every injunction of scripture in that regard.

X

A LITERAL HOLY OF HOLIES

The conversation given here, furnished by Rev. John Knox Odell, took place at a camp-meeting in Mr. Barrett's tent.

"Come right in; that's right; sit down, Sister L." And Father Barrett gave the only chair the tent contained to his guest.

"You see," went on the happy old man, "I have four praise corners to this tent. Oh, praise the Lord! Well"—he resumed between the inarticulate expressions of heavenly joy,—“these four corners of my tent are all dedicated to praise. The tent, you know, belongs to the Lord anyway, but these corners are the special spots.” Here he took a position in one corner of the tent, which was bare of about everything except a few furnishings consisting of a carpet, a couch, a table, and a chair.

"These are all named," he continued, still standing in a farther corner. "This one is Hallelujah;" and he shouted it with force. "And this one," said he, advancing to the opposite corner, "is Glory." He then gave vent to his feelings, inspired by the possible thought of present and future glory.

With a bound he leaped to the farther corner, in front, and stood like a soldier at "attention." Facing the young woman, he declared, "I feel like a man

in uniform; I feel like a man of war. Victory is my watchword, and I take my stand right here."

"But," interrupted his guest, "don't you have a corner for prayer?"

"Yes, to be sure; right by this couch I pray, and it's my Amen corner, ha, ha," he laughed gleefully.

His face beamed as he came forward with a peculiar skipping step and exultant shout to the front of the tent—but as he looked searchingly at a passing group of giddy girls his face sobered; and getting their attention he soon had the trio in tears as he lovingly dealt with each one in turn regarding their need of God and salvation.

To each passer-by he called cheerily, and the common topics of conversation were forgotten in pressing home the urgent question, "Are you praising the Lord, my brother?" The contagion of his vivacious, happy spirit was catching; the gloomy countenance relaxed; the tongue loosed; the bound spirit gave way to rejoicing—the effect of which sent the good old man with leaps and bounds about the camp. Such was the practical result of a literal "holy of holies" set apart for sacrifice and a real altar devoted to praise.

XI

ITINERANT LABORS

The itinerant labors of Mr. Barrett covered a period of over forty years, of which, however, but little can be written, except in a general way. No record of his work in any particular was ever made, and but little data regarding his life and work can be obtained. He was always very reticent about speaking of his past life beyond what every one heard him say so often in his public testimonies.

Labors with the Indians

From the time that he fully entered upon gospel work, immediately after preaching his first sermon, until the beginning of the civil war, Mr. Barrett's labors were principally with the Cornplanter tribe of Indians on the Cattaraugus reservation, in New York state, and on Grand river in Canada. About three years were spent at the latter place. And for many years after his regular work with the Indians had ended, he made frequent evangelistic tours throughout the reservation.

It is quite evident that he was especially called to, and peculiarly qualified for, the Indian work; for he achieved a degree of success in the way of making converts and building up the work that was

most remarkable, especially for one so inexperienced and young in the gospel.

The Indians were neglected and held in contempt by many Christian persons who, through ignorance of Christ's true mission to earth, did not fully comprehend the real value of their souls, but seemingly considered their spiritual interests of minor importance. But they were greatly susceptible to the influences of the Christian religion, and proved their intrinsic worth by their good works when they embraced the religion of Jesus. Under the labors of Mr. Barrett, hundreds of them, it is believed, became true and devoted believers in Christ, and were much attached to Mr. Barrett with true characteristic friendship. His tender-hearted, emphatic, happy, and sometimes noisy and demonstrative disposition appealed to their sense of religious faith. In the beginning of his work, he preached to them through an interpreter, but later acquired the language and labored with them in the vernacular tongue.

A Heavenly Visitation

His meetings were generally intensely spiritual, and God was powerfully manifest in them. That fact was wonderfully illustrated upon two different occasions, when similar revelations of supernatural power and glory were displayed with rapturous effect in the meetings. The facts given in this instance are furnished by his half-sister, Mrs. A. A. White, to whom the circumstances were related by Mr. Barrett. When the revelations were made, the

Holy Spirit was most signally present, and it seemed almost as if Jesus stood in their midst in the reality of His visible person, when suddenly, all were hushed in reverential silence, as if in immediate expectancy of some celestial visitation or communication, and they all heard, as though translated into the realm of spirit, the most rapturous and transporting music. They were carried heavenward in spirit in utter forgetfulness of mortal conditions as they listened to the sweet strains, the anthem of an invisible angelic choir. It entered one end of the house, passed over the altar, and went out the other end. Words are inadequate to express the glory and grandeur of the two meetings, and the ecstasy and felicity of those present. The immediate and ultimate results of the visitation, a thing which was perhaps unprecedented in history, were more than commensurate, no doubt, with the divine purpose, the glory of God through His redemptive works. The Indians were deeply affected, and doubtless regarded the angelic singing as significant of God's special favor in their behalf.

The glorious appearing was too sacred, and like Paul's vision, too unutterable for ordinary or frequent mention on the part of Mr. Barrett. His aversion to the mention of anything in which he had a prominent part was a dominant characteristic. He rarely spoke of the occurrence; when he did speak of it, his words were uttered with the greatest reverence.

A Wonderful Display of Supernatural Power

A most remarkable manifestation of the Holy Spirit and revelation of things that pertain to another world occurred in one of Mr. Barrett's meetings upon a certain occasion. The facts given here are also furnished by Mrs. White. He was wrought upon by supernatural power in a most wonderful manner. Having preached to the Indians and extended to them an invitation to come to the mourners' bench to seek the Lord, he stood urgently calling them to repentance when he lost all power of voice and body, except in one arm and hand, which was outstretched toward the congregation. While he was in that condition of partial physical inertia and speechlessness, in which he could move his arm about extendedly, the perceptive faculties of his spirit-nature were quickened and he was enabled to observe persons and things in the realm of spirits. He stood, as it were, in the intermedium of physical and spiritual worlds. Much of the Spirit's power was felt in the meeting, and the Indians were deeply moved under the influence. Many of them were powerfully wrought upon by the Holy Spirit. With supernatural spirit-vision, that operation on their minds and hearts was seen by Mr. Barrett, although he may not have seen the Holy Spirit Himself. When one was greatly affected by the Spirit, he was directly pointed out, under divine impulse, by him, and each one thus openly designated went straight-way to the altar and knelt in penitence before God. Many were the souls that yielded to God and found

peace and joy through the precious blood of Jesus that night. Surely "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform," and receives honor and glory through worms of the dust.

Whether or not Mr. Barrett was given a "thorn in the flesh," lest he "should be exalted above measure through the abundance of revelation," it is not known. His lack of "much learning" and many talents, however, may have done for him what a "thorn"* did for Paul.

The venerable Rev. C. D. Brooks furnishes the following incidents for this book: "While I was pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church at Gowanda and Indian Mission, in New York, in 1858-9, Clifford Barrett was with me two or three weeks laboring among the Indians. He was made a great blessing to many of them. In the family of George Tallchief was a little boy about two years old that had been afflicted with sore eyes for many weeks, and on that account was kept in a hanging cradle in a darkened room. Clifford asked to see the little boy, and was led into the room where the suffering child was lying. His heart was touched with a feeling of the boy's distress, and he offered a fervent prayer for the healing of his eyes. As he arose from prayer he said, 'Your little boy will soon be well and come out of the dark room.' The next day the parents saw a marked improvement in their baby boy, and in a few days he was well.

"That answer to prayer was mentioned among

*Read 2 Corinthians 10: 10 and 11: 6.

the Indians as something wonderful, and gave them great confidence, both in the Savior and in His humble servant.

"Just before the close of my two years of labor among the Indians, I held a large camp-meeting on their reservation. Many tents were erected, one large one by the Indians. It was a powerful meeting, many persons of both races being converted. The Indians desired another such meeting a few years later on the same ground, which was granted by the presiding elder. At the second camp-meeting a few white people had tents, but most of the campers were Indians. One of the Indians, John Jimison, had sent for Brother Barrett to come to the meeting. When he was on the reservation, he made his home with the family of that Indian. So getting that invitation, he came the first day of the meeting. But he was not invited to take part in the services by the masonic elder. Some of the leading Indians told the elder they desired to have 'the Happy man' preach. Upon being informed the elder would not ask Brother Barrett to take part in the meeting because he had been working with some holiness people, the Indians held a council and on the third day of the meeting they all left the ground. 'the Happy man' going with them."

Barbarous customs seemed yet to hold sway in some families that Mr. Barrett visited. While in attendance at an Indian meeting one time, he was invited to the home of a semi-barbarous family for entertainment. They had prepared for a big dinner, to be served in true Indian fashion from one com-

mon dish. He was loath to accept the invitation, but could not decline without offense to the heads of the family; so he prayed for deliverance; for they were to have cooked dog for dinner.

The following account is illustrative of the manner in which he was sometimes entertained in homes where conditions were not always congenial: On a certain occasion Mr. Barrett preached to the Indians, on the Cattaraugus reservation, near Salamanca, New York, and was entertained for the night at the home of an infidel. In the morning, at the breakfast table, the man of the house said, "Mr. Barrett, I want you to stay here and preach to the Indians. I will give you a good room, board and clothe you, and give you money to go to all the camp-meetings you desire. How do you like that?"

Mr. Barrett replied, "That is a very good proposition; I thank the Lord and you both for it, and will accept it."

"But," said the infidel, "there is one condition that you will have to meet. As soon as you get an Indian converted, you must kill him; for that is the only way you will ever get one of them to heaven."

Mr. Barrett's only reply was, "You horrible man."

Labors in the Army

At the beginning of the civil war, Mr. Barrett had a vision or dream, in which he saw many tents, and in some of the tents religious meetings were in progress and souls were exulting over the joys of a newly-found Savior. He was so deeply impressed

with the vision that he asked the Lord to open the way for him to labor in the army. A short time afterwards the following event took place: Mr. Barrett was on his way to his old home at the headwaters of the Allegheny river, in Pennsylvania, when he met a lumberman on the train with whom he had been acquainted in former years. The man inquired as to where he was going, and upon being told, said, "I am just forming a company to go to the seat of war. We will join the regiment in a few days, and would like to have you go along as chaplain."

The lumberman was Captain Robert H. Renwick, of Company I, 64th Regiment, New York. Mr. Barrett went along but did not enlist as a soldier in the army, and was without official recognition, drawing no pay from the government. But for one and one-half years he labored as a missionary under divine commission alone, acting the while as mail and express-package carrier for the regiment. If he was compensated in a monetary way for his services as carrier, the fact is not known. At the end of that time he returned home sick with the fever and ague, from which he did not speedily recover.

During his army life he witnessed a number of bloody battles, skirmishes, and sieglements, at one time, near Richmond, Virginia, making his escape astride a brass cannon as the regiment hastily retreated from the charging ranks of the confederates. During the time of engagements, he remained in the rear, advancing when his services were needed by those who were shot down and were in distress of body, mind, or soul.

His personal work among the soldiers resulted in a vast amount of good accomplished. Dealing faithfully, as with those who were about to enter the vortex of death, he pleaded with and urged them to give their hearts to Jesus, as they had given their lives and services to their country. And he labored thus not in vain. Mortally wounded soldiers, lying on the field of battle, with agonizing thoughts not of bodily suffering but of being forever separated from loved ones at home and from God, found that wonderful peace and joy through the precious blood of the Lamb of God that was “wounded for our transgressions,” and upon whom was the “chastisement of our peace,” as Mr. Barrett prevailed at a throne of grace in their behalf.

Mr. Barrett had great power with God and man. His source of power was the Holy Spirit, and the procuring cause of that power were the tears, groans, and cries of frequent and long-continued prayer. He was content only when doing his utmost for God; and his utmost was accomplished in relation to the fulness and completeness of his daily supplication. His morning prayers did not suffice for the day, and it sometimes became necessary for him to pray when conditions were unfavorable to prayer. While following marching orders—circumstances under which few persons would even think of having secret prayer alone with God—Mr. Barrett oftentimes ran a considerable distance ahead of the regiment until he found a secluded spot, and there poured out his heart to God until the troops overtook him. Prayer made him secure

under all circumstances. Many times he fell into the rebels' ranks, but was never wounded nor taken prisoner.

An Unusual Reprimand

Mr. Barrett held many meetings of special note. At one series of meetings about seventy were converted and a goodly number sanctified. One time he was appointed to hold evening services, while in winter quarters, but had orders to have the meetings closed and all quiet at nine o'clock. On a certain evening, when much of the power of God was being manifested, a large, rough, burly fellow stood looking into the tent, and suddenly cried out with a loud voice and fell prostrate to the ground. It was then almost nine o'clock, and Mr. Barrett closed the meeting as soon as he could. He took the man to his own quarters, but before the soldier found peace with God, it was long past the hour of closing. The next morning Mr. Barrett was notified to appear at the sergeant's quarters. He expected trouble, but went praying. When he got to the officer's tent, he was invited in and told to be seated. As soon as other business, then under consideration, was deliberated upon, the sergeant turned to Mr. Barrett and said, "Chaplain, you are reported as breaking the rule respecting the hour of closing services. What is the trouble?" He then told the circumstance of the man's conversion. "Well," said the officer, "if you can do men of that kind any good, keep right on." Mr. Barrett was much liked by the regimental officers. Captain Renwick once said to

him, "I wish you would convert every man in the company."

General Labors

In the year of 1860, a number of ministers and laymen representing the doctrine of holiness, in western New York, organized what is now called the "Free Methodist church." The issue upon which this church was founded touched responsive feelings in kindred souls throughout the country, and there was from the beginning a marked ingathering of holiness people and newly-made converts to the new denomination.

Among those who recognized the divine hand in the new movement, possibly not one was more willing to become associated with it than Mr. Barrett. He had enjoyed the grace of heart purity for about eleven years in the Methodist church, in spite of her antagonistic attitude toward the doctrine and experience, the force of which he must have keenly felt, and it was quite natural that he should associate himself with Free Methodists at his first opportunity. MacGeary says, "As soon as he met the Free Methodists, he felt that they were his people." And C. D. Brooks says, "The Lord made him a happy worker, and he felt that his home was ever with the most lively Christians he could find." While he was a man who acted from principle in all affairs of religious conduct, yet, judging from his innate disposition, the most convincing reason for his association with them was the fact that God was more signally and powerfully present in the new church

than He was in the old. Mr. Barrett had those peculiarities of character that make for deep spiritual growth, and God led him, apparently without reserve, in ways calculated to develop the best in divine grace that was possible with him. Especially was he thus led with respect to church relationship, both when he became a member of the Methodist church and when he disunited with that body to join himself to one more in harmony with the teachings of the founder of Methodism.

Mr. Barrett was received into the Free Methodist church by Rev. Asa Abell, at a camp-meeting at Ransomville, New York, about the year of 1864, by letter of recommendation from the mother church. When he went to his pastor to get a church letter, the minister tried to persuade him not to take such a step. But Mr. Barrett was persistent, and the pastor went into his study to write the letter. As Mr. Barrett sat alone in the room waiting the return of the minister, the blessing of God came upon him in a most unusual way. It seemed to him that a cruse of oil was literally poured on top of his head and that it ran down over his face and neck. He felt that the step he was taking was highly approved by God, if not by the minister.

The new relationship led to the broadening and deepening of Mr. Barrett's Christian life. But for many years he labored without official recognition of his work. The only probable reason for that fact was that his methods of work were not such as corresponded with any organized methods of the church. His work, however, was owned and blest

of God, and was deserving of earlier official notice. He was regularly licensed as an evangelist by the quarterly conference of the then Pittsburgh district, of the Genesee conference, on a camp-ground at Franklin, Pennsylvania, in August, 1876. Later he was licensed by the annual conference, and sustained that relation to the church until the time of his death. Mr. Barrett held his church membership in the Genesee conference until the Pittsburgh was formed, when he had it transferred to the Oil City district of the latter conference.

Mr. Barrett's method of work was without human plan or system. He devoted his entire time to the work of God without human guarantee of support or appointment by any conference. He went from place to place, and from meeting to meeting, sometimes from one state to another, or from the United States to Canada or the reverse, under the special direction of God alone. Being always led by the Spirit, he pursued a definite course spiritually, and in his efforts to accomplish the work that was given him to do daily he had great faith in God as his source of help. "His work seemed to be as systematically planned and carried forward by the divine mind as if he were appointed by a conference and sent upon a circuit," says Rev. D. B. Tobey. He never lacked anything; for his needs were fully supplied by the Lord. During the time of his vigorous manhood, before age began slightly to weigh upon him, he traveled and labored, as he often said, "in eighteen different states and more or less in Canada." From New England to the

then "far west" in Iowa and Missouri, and from Canada to the southern Atlantic states, he preached the gospel of a full salvation, with emphasis on its "fulness." In later life his work was more centralized, western Pennsylvania being principally his field. "For many years no camp-meeting, conference, or any general gathering of pilgrims in western Pennsylvania seemed complete without the presence of Brother Barrett. Those who have once heard his 'Hallelujah' and 'Amen' will never forget them. The writer expects to hear and recognize them on the other shore." (MacGeary.) During his ministry he attended about two hundred camp-meetings in the United States and Canada.

Mr. Barrett once made an evangelistic trip through portions of Georgia. He called at over two hundred homes and talked to the members of each household about spiritual things and prayed for them. In all the persons he met in those homes, he found only two or three who could say positively that they were saved of God. Many of them, however, were church members.

Having never owned or established a home, Mr. Barrett had very few earthly possessions. But he was not without friends, and wherever he went always found the "latch-string on the outside." In many homes throughout the states which he traversed at frequent intervals, he was regularly entertained, staying from a few days to several weeks. Such places he called his "hitching posts." His presence was so great a blessing that his visits, always unannounced, were looked forward to with

delightful anticipation and enjoyed with most blessed Christian fellowship. When he entered a home, the blessing of God rested upon the household during his sojourn there. And there was no resulting deficiency of money or food if any extra expenses were incurred on his account. Giving to his necessity invariably abounded to the comfort of his benefactors. Being always abundant in labors, he spent no time in mere prolonged visiting or in idleness. When he felt that his work in a place was finished, he took his departure for another field, as the Spirit led him. "Brother Barrett used to come to see us at our home every year. There seemed to be no use in inviting him; he would come when the Lord led him that way, and when he felt that God wanted him elsewhere, there was no use in asking him to stay." (Rev. D. B. Tobey.)

In the early days of Free Methodism, or in places where the work was comparatively new, or the membership small, entertainment at special meetings was sometimes a mooted question between Mr. Barrett and the adversary. His privilege of free entertainment, in common with regular ministers, was an unquestioned one; but the enemy frequently harassed him with the thought of being burdensome and unwelcome at such places. He was sometimes evil spoken of, being classed with tramps by certain persons who disliked to entertain preachers, but no one ever received greater hospitality than did Mr. Barrett wherever he went. Being called to the evangelistic life which he followed, the Lord prepared the way in the hearts of the peo-

ple for a generous, hospitable reception of His servant.

A quarterly-meeting was being held at Tionesta, Pennsylvania, by Presiding Elder J. T. Michael, about the year 1885, when the work was comparatively new there. Mr. Barrett being only eight or ten miles from the place of the meeting, felt divinely led to attend. The matter of entertainment, however, at the meeting was one that seriously engaged his mind. He could trust God to provide a place for him to stay, but the thought of being a burden was a trial to him. It was not his custom to stay at the homes of ministers, unless he reimbursed them for his meals. Not being invited home by any one after the first service, Mr. Barrett went to a hotel. He told the proprietor that he might come back to stay over night, and that he would in some way pay for his meals and lodging. During the evening service a certain Methodist brother was in attendance, and as Mr. Barrett was a distinguished figure in the meeting, a certain person leaned over to this brother and whispered, "That's old Gumball." That was the Methodist's introduction to one he had previously known only by reputation. After the services he went to Mr. Barrett and gave him a hearty invitation to go home with him. On account of being invited to this home he shouted aloud the gratitude of his heart. At the earnest solicitation of that brother, he stayed with him and his family for several weeks, and ever afterward found there a welcome home. About that time a little boy of the hospitable then Methodist brother was restored to

health from a bed of sickness in answer to Mr. Barrett's prayer. That boy afterwards became a missionary to India.

On account of Mr. Barrett's peculiar conduct in meetings when under the blessing of God, which included his unique way of testifying, his bounding up like a rubber ball, his laughing shouts, and his ejaculations like the hooting of an owl, a few persons regarded his presence as injurious to the best interests of a revival-meeting. He was somewhat eccentric, but the blessing of the Lord (which he called "symptoms" and the "jingle") and the power of the Spirit so wonderfully rested upon him that to say his peculiarities were a hindrance to God's work is a gross absurdity. Rev. J. F. Silver very truthfully says: "At first one might accuse him of lightness, but he walked with God and was a very holy man. He knew the mind of the Spirit." *In his work he achieved a degree of success in revival efforts that exceedingly few, if any, other persons not regularly appointed to the ministry have ever attained. And he accomplished results, which, with respect to thoroughness and numerical value, would have been a decided credit to any spiritual revivalist. Instances in that regard are recounted elsewhere in this book.*

That the labors of Mr. Barrett were wonderfully blest in the conversion of souls throughout the country where he traveled is quite evident from this fact: He took great delight in reading, or in having others read to him, the obituary notices which appeared weekly in the "Free Methodist," and occa-

sionally the death of one who was converted under his labors would be chronicled. Such accounts of triumphs over sin and death by his converts were a source of great encouragement to him. Not many persons, especially lay members, are enabled to get *encouragement from the occasional death notices of their converts*. Many excellent workers rarely see such notices.

XII

REMINISCENCES OF ITINERANCY

Mr. Barrett was a prominent figure in the development of Free Methodism in many places in a number of states, particularly in western Pennsylvania. The history of many societies began with his labors in conjunction with those of a few helpers. In this chapter is given, with other observations, a number of letters and extracts containing incidents and other matter in relation to his labors in various places.

"In July, 1874, a camp-meeting was held at Franklin, Pennsylvania, in charge of R. W. Hawkins, who was at that time chairman of the Allegheny district, Genesee conference. E. P. Hart, then district chairman in the Michigan conference, attended this meeting, preaching with great power and effect. In attendance at the meeting was J. B. Corey, a coal dealer from Braddock, Allegheny county, Pennsylvania. At the close of the meeting he insisted on Mr. Hart's going with him to Braddock and preaching there before he returned to Michigan. Mr. Hart consented, and Sunday, July 26, 1874, he preached the first sermon in the United Presbyterian church in the morning, also preaching in a hall at three o'clock in the afternoon and at half past seven in the evening. In September of the same year he and

his wife returned to Braddock and held a series of meetings, in which over one hundred and fifty people professed conversion, and a strong class was organized." (MacGeary's History.)

In that meeting Mr. Barrett took an active and influential part. His Spirit-filled presence added life and power to the services. The activity he exerted in doing with all his might whatever he undertook for God led to the conversion of many souls and the upbuilding of the church. That was only one of hundreds of meetings in new places in which he had a part and was the means, more or less directly, of leading many to Jesus. Much of his work stands firm to-day in evidence of his thorough and deep methods. In that regard Bishop Wilson T. Hogue writes:

"I found that he was remembered in Canada twenty-five years ago for his labors with William Fell of twenty years before. On the first Sunday of my last appointment in Buffalo, a brother came from there, sent by certain members of the Methodist church, to see if the Free Methodists still had the fire and power they did twenty years before when C. B. Barrett and William Fell used to come across the river and preach holiness to the people of Ridgeway. Convinced that they did, an invitation was given me to go over there and hold some meetings. I went, held a six-weeks' meeting, saw many saved, organized a class of forty members, and bought the brick Methodist church, which was vacated when the Methodist churches of Canada united, and our people there are still worshipping

in that same building. They have also held the annual conference there three or four times, I understand. Indirectly this is some of the fruit of Brother Barrett's labors of about forty-five years ago."

"In the Sweet Clover! Hallelujah!"

An account illustrating the powerful influence of Mr. Barrett's life, a personal experience from the pen of Mary Edinger Bennett, is here given:

"In the year 1868, for the first time, I attended a camp-meeting, which was held at Coldwater, Michigan, conducted by Rev. E. P. Hart and others. My sister, Hannah Ferrall, and I had heard that no one could attend a Free Methodist camp-meeting a week and not become saved. We were church members, and made a vow to stand by each other in showing that we were strong-minded and could resist the persuasion of Free Methodists. At the first service we saw Brother Barrett. With clear, ringing voice, filled with heavenly softness and power from the throne, he shouted, *"In the sweet clover! Hallelujah!"** Such hatred sprang up in my heart that I could have seen him assaulted by the rabble without the least pity. But on Monday morning the spirit of conviction seized us with such power that sister and I were most gloriously converted. Brother Barrett attended us home, and by his prayers and wise counsel revealed to us the nature and necessity

*In earlier life Mr. Barrett used frequently to say, "I'm living in the sweet clover," meaning that he was living in great heavenly felicity.

of heart purity. In less than two months, I sought and obtained that pearl of great price, which, by the grace of God, I still retain. Being at our home on the Fourth of July, he heard cannons roar early in the morning, and mistaking them for thunder, he exclaimed, 'Just heard from Father.' Never did I become acquainted with one whose presence and spirit brought such fear and conviction on sinners as his. Living as in the immediate presence of the Holy One, he had no fear or care with regard to how he would be fed or clothed."

Questions Pertinent to Salvation Lead to Great Results

The following extract is from a letter written by Rev. P. E. Vincent: "I met Brother Barrett but once, in the month of August, 1873, at a camp-meeting in Michigan, on the Coldwater district. That was my first camp-meeting among the Free Methodists. I was much impressed with his peculiar ways and manner of labor on the camp-ground. One young lady, who was tenting with her people on the ground, was much disturbed by his asking nearly every one if they were saved, or if they enjoyed religion. That same young lady was so wrought upon by the Holy Spirit that on Sunday evening of the camp-meeting she was happily converted to God. Later she became my wife, and proved to be a co-laborer with me during my active work in the ministry for thirty-three years. His questions as to whether people were saved, or enjoyed religion, seemed to be so in the Spirit that they

left a deep and lasting impression upon those with whom he labored. A noticeable trait was his happy manner of doing his work. All his labors and duties seemed to spring from pure love to God and His cause."

Incidents of a Day's Labor, and Other Events

Rev. A. V. Leonardson furnishes this interesting account: "I was intimately associated with Brother C. B. Barrett for several years, from 1865 to 1869, meeting him first in a revival-meeting held by Rev. C. S. Gitchell at Ridgeway, Michigan. Brother Gitchell would do the preaching and Brother Barrett conduct the after-meetings. He was one of God's natural exhorters and spiritual experts in leading seekers on to pardon and purity.

"I had been visiting my brother, the late Rev. E. Leonardson, at Braddock, Pennsylvania, about the year 1875, when Brother Barrett and myself left that place by boat for Belair, Ohio, on my way home. Upon reaching Belair, we found that we would have to lay over a half day, and concluded to put in the time making calls. Brother Barrett inquired of a colored man if there were any Free Methodists in the town. He said there was one, and that person lived in another part of the place. We found the way to his house, but instead of being a Free Methodist, to our surprise, he was a Freemason. He treated us kindly, and in answer to our inquiry said, 'Free Methodists, why, there are a lot of them a few miles from here.' Before going we asked the privilege of praying with him. I called on Brother Barrett to

pray; and *such a prayer!* It seemed that heaven and earth were brought together. When we arose, our man was all broken up, and we encouraged him to seek the Lord.

"While walking along the street, we met an old gentleman, stopped him and asked if he enjoyed religion. He looked at us intently for a moment, and then said, 'I take you gentlemen to be old-fashioned Methodists.' Bidding him good-by, we passed on. But in our wanderings we chanced to pass his office, and found that he was an old physician. He was so pleased to see us again that he invited us in and called the family together. Then we had another object lesson from that man of prayer. What a glorious meeting that was! We left them trusting to meet again in the 'sweet by and by.'

"He came to one of my meetings and said that he saw a streak of light, which guided him to the meeting. He was greatly persecuted, but he received it as from the Lord and bore it meekly. Some said that he demonstrated only in public where the people could see him. But some men who were working in the woods chanced to see and hear him when he was having secret prayer, as he supposed, and were convinced that his demonstrations were genuine. Wherever he went, he generally stirred things. If he were praying for some one who was not right, he would talk it all out to the Lord. When blest, he would jump and say he was feeling for his wings. He once heard a holiness evangelist preach, and told him he sanctioned his sermon. Then getting the pledge of the evangelist that he

would walk in all the light of God, he asked him to take off his gold ring."

The Incidental Meeting of Separated Brothers

"At one time, by invitation, he came into a certain community where lived an unsaved man by the name of Barrett. This man, upon learning that a peculiar, demonstrative person by the same name was attending the meetings in a hall near by, said to his wife, who described the evangelist, 'I believe that is Cliff.' The two men were brothers, and neither of them had known the whereabouts of the other. Years before, they had separated, William, the brother, going west and Clifford remaining in Pennsylvania. Clifford was invited to his brother's home, and later arranged for a prayer-meeting there. But on account of certain demonstrations on the part of those in attendance, objections were made. And being thus deprived of liberty, the meeting came to an unpropitious end. As Brother Barrett left the house, he kneeled in the highway and earnestly prayed for the conversion of his kindred. Soon thereafter he had the happy satisfaction of seeing this brother and his wife converted and become influential members of the church. He spent many happy days after this with his brother's family."

An Exhibition of Extraordinary Personality

"At one of those early camp-meetings, the following incident occurred: Rev. B. T. Roberts was en-

gaged in preaching one of his most telling sermons at an evening service, when an exciting episode took place near the entrance to the ground. Two young men were engaged in an altercation over some matter that had alienated them for some time. Several other persons were standing by listening to the disputants. Just then one of the young men suddenly drew a knife and thrust it three or four times into his antagonist, and before he could be seized fled and made his escape. A man rushed into the meeting and shouted out the fact to the assembled congregation. Immediately there was a stampede for that part of the ground, while others began to leave the meeting for their tents. On account of the confusion that ensued, Brother Roberts was compelled to sit down, whereupon Brother Barrett sprang to his feet and commenced to sing a short verse, and then shouted, 'Let us pray,' and dropped upon his knees. Those that remained bowed with him; and what a prayer he offered, both for the man that had been stabbed and for the fleeing fugitive. Such power attended his invocation that instead of defeat a glorious service was held. He seemed to be the man for such emergencies; his sweet spirit was like oil on the troubled waters. More than once his prayers have brought fear to the hearts of disturbers who were prowling around in the darkness outside the camp-grounds in those days."

Sang Doxology under Unusual Circumstances

"In a glorious revival, held in 1872-3, near Coopersville, Michigan, by Rev. J. W. Bell, assisted by

C. B. Barrett, a man by the name of Theodore Gray and his wife were soundly converted. Mr. Gray had always been very irreligious. After the revival a cottage prayer-meeting was established, which was occasionally held at the home of Mr. Gray. At one of these night meetings, Brother Barrett was present and had charge, and with me, through an invitation, remained over night in the home. An interesting scene took place the following morning at family worship. Brother Gray had been a great reader, and was especially fond of fiction; he had expended a considerable amount of money for that class of reading matter. Immediately upon arising from our knees, Brother Gray went directly to the corner of the room in which we had been praying, and opening the door of a large book cupboard, he began laying volume after volume of beautiful and well-bound books on his arm until he had a load; then he placed a large and costly checker-board on top of the pile of books. By this time we were all watching his movements with great interest. Then turning to us, still bearing the load on his arm, he addressed us something like this: 'While on my knees the Lord gave me some new light;' then looking toward his little son of about eight or ten years of age, he continued, 'There is my boy Willie; as a father I want to bring him up in the right way, and I owe it to my child as well as to myself to rid my house of this class of literature. They cost me lots of money; but I am going to make a sacrifice and remove the temptation out of the way.' Brother Barrett sprang to his feet with a hearty 'Amen',

ran to the large heater, which occupied the center of the room, seized the iron poker, and lifted the lid from the stove. Brother Gray resolutely stepped to the stove and dumped the entire armful into the roaring fire. Then under the direction of the 'Happy Alleghenian,' we closed around the stove in a circle, clasped hands, and to the tune of Old Hundred sang the Doxology over and over again. While the books were burning, Brother Gray shouted the praises of God. A few years later Willie was converted, and spent some years in Africa as a missionary. Both Brothers Barrett and Gray are now singing an eternal doxology around the throne.

"In the winter of 1873 Brother Barrett was the instrument God used in a mighty revival held in a lumber camp in northern Michigan. Having been associated during his early life with the class of men that frequented lumber camps, he possessed the adaptability for preaching to these hardy woodsmen, and succeeded in reaching their hearts through his earnest efforts and the application of truth. Night after night God wrought among these hard and wicked men, and a large number of them were soundly converted. Some are still living and are honored members of the church of Christ. Often during the services at the revival, and at the noon-day-hour worship, and even while asking the blessing at the table, some of these strong men would fall like the slain in battle and lie for hours under the power of God. And while at work during the day, the pine woods would echo with loud notes of triumph and songs of praise, coming from the newly

saved. The work was of a most genuine type. As these lumbermen in the spring returned to their homes and families, actuated by their new-found joy, revivals broke out in several of their neighborhoods, and societies were formed; and thus the work spread.

"During the years that Brother Barrett spent in Michigan, the state in various places was greatly infested with malaria, causing fever and ague to be very prevalent, and he became greatly afflicted with that malady. As in most cases, his sickness was obstinate; remedies failed to effect a cure. Finally he prayed for the Lord to heal him or to help him to get out of the state. The Lord heard his prayer and helped him back to Pennsylvania. Years afterward I met him at a camp-meeting in Canada, and said to him one day that many old friends in Michigan would be glad to see him again, and would be pleased to have him make them a visit. He replied by saying that he suffered so much while there that he asked the Lord to help him to get out of the state and promised Him that he would never come back, and that he was going to keep his word with the Lord. And he did; for he never returned."

A "Marvel of Grace"—Rare Incidents

The following letter is from Rev. Myron DeVoist:

"In the latter part of June, 1870, at a camp-meeting, held in the township of Orleans, Ionia county, Michigan (which, by the way, was the first meeting of that character ever held in what later became known as the North Michigan conference), a

stranger appeared among us. He was well advanced in life, rather stout in build, and, on account of his individual bearing and certain eccentricities peculiar to himself, naturally attracted our attention. The stranger was recognized by the leader of the meeting and was invited to a seat with the preachers who occupied the platform. With deep interest he began immediately to take observations and to watch the rise of the spiritual thermometer. And soon, being seized by a spirit of holy enthusiasm, without any premonition whatever, we were entertained with one of his characteristic 'Hallelujahs'; and simultaneously, as he sprang to his feet and seized in his two hands the lower border of his linen duster, which he still wore, he jumped up and down with no apparent physical exertion. He jumped so lightly and easily that one could scarcely hear it, or feel a jar of the stand on which he was demonstrating. This caused some amusement among certain thoughtless and giddy young people who sat in the congregation; but it added greatly to the inspiration of the service. This stranger proved to be the late Clifford B. Barrett, the 'Happy Alleghenian,' who, because of the frequency of his demonstrations in 'leaping and praising God,' received the appellation of 'Jumping Barrett' among the Wolverines. He was indeed a marvel of grace in its transforming power.

"Brother Barrett was not what might be styled a preacher, speaking homiletically; yet his adaptation and capability at altar work could scarcely be excelled. This brought him and his work into great

demand and led to numerous invitations to assist at camp-meetings and revival-meetings, all feeling that his great forte lay in that direction.

"Those prolonged, clear and ringing 'Amens', with his hand suddenly thrown behind his left ear, one of his habits; that saintly, smiling countenance while kneeling among the weeping penitents; his singing

'Lo, down in the valley, hear me cry,
Give me Jesus or I die';

while encouraging seeking souls, is vividly and indelibly stamped upon memory's page.

"I had reached the age of only fifteen at the time of this meeting, and spent much of my time while there at the anxious seat, seeking my soul's deliverance. While kneeling in a tent, near the midnight hour, with Brother Barrett and others praying at my side, God for Christ's sake pardoned my sins."

A Recount of Interesting Reminiscence

Rev. W. H. James, a pioneer preacher in the Ohio conference of the Free Methodist church, furnishes the following items from his fund of reminiscence:

"My acquaintance with Clifford B. Barrett began at the June camp-meeting at Raisinville, Monroe county, Michigan, in June, 1866. That was the first Free Methodist camp-meeting held in the state of Michigan. I also had the privilege of being with him in different protracted and camp-meetings, and of having him as a guest at our home, up to the year

1876. His life of faith and deep religious experience, his careful living and joyous testimonies, also his peculiar demonstrations, coming at the beginning of my Christian experience, have had a marked influence on all my after life. I believe that I shall praise God throughout eternity for his fatherly instructions, his fervent prayers in my behalf, and his upright Christian life and character; and also his ringing testimonies, as he would bound into the air and come down as lightly as if he had wings to his feet.

“I remember well that cold June day, with its drizzling rain, when I started for the camp-meeting on the old Raisin river, filled with hatred toward the Free Methodists, and antagonistic to the doctrine of holiness. I found a sorry-looking encampment—muslin and board tents, which afforded poor protection from the storm. Everything was soaked, and the pilgrims, robed with wet blankets, were shivering and shaking. It seemed to be a quiet camp-meeting, and not as advertised by outsiders throughout the neighborhood. But in a large muslin tent to one side, I heard some one exhorting and made my way to the tent, only to find it worse inside than out; as the water poured down in streamlets. In the midst of those in the tent stood an old mother in Israel exhorting them to be steadfast, immovable and always to abound, even though tempest raged without. Some were lying upon the ground, heads and bodies covered with blankets. From one blanket I saw an uplifted arm, and then came a prolonged shout, and then the head, blind of one eye,

large of physique, with a happy, smiling, round face; and for the first time I looked upon the face of the 'Happy Alleghenian.' Then as he exhorted and shouted and kept getting more and more blest, I gazed at him in astonishment. Conviction took hold upon me, and the Spirit said, 'You are a stranger to what that man enjoys. Under the very best surroundings and circumstances you were never blest like that.' And as the shouting and exhortation continued, I settled it with God that I was going in for all that there was for me, and on that last night of the meeting, as my wife lay under the power of God, and Brother E. P. Hart preached to us 'That the bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself on it, and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it' (Isa. 28: 20), I made up my mind that I would launch out into the mighty deep.

"At the conference following the camp-meeting, Rev. C. S. Gitchell was sent to the Raisinville circuit, and I was appointed as supply to help him. Soon after arriving on the work, he came to my house and informed me that he was to begin a protracted-meeting at the East school-house on the Macon, and that I must get rid of everything and come the next day to help him; and that before the meeting closed he expected Brother Barrett, who was to remain with him in meetings all winter. This was good news to me; for I had formed a great opinion of the 'Happy Alleghenian,' and felt that success was assured if he were to be with us. Brother Gitchell remained about two weeks, and did all the

preaching; and then left the meeting in my hands. At that time I had a verbal license from Brother Hart to exhort and had tested my gifts and usefulness only three times, the last time with disastrous results, and the weight of responsibility seemed crushing. It is said that while Wellington was being hard pressed at Waterloo, he cried out, 'Would to God that night or Blucher would come.' I was not anxious that night should come, but I did want Brother Barrett. And just as I was ready to make another attempt one evening, I walked Brother Barrett. Immediately the great burden rolled off, and I felt light and glorious. Going down to him, I shook hands, praised the Lord that he had come, and informed him that it was time for him to preach, and that all were anxiously waiting to hear him. To my surprise his loving arm was thrown around me and he drew me down upon his knee as though I were his little boy and said, 'Now, Brother James, you go right on with the meeting and preach. I know the Lord will help you, and I will pray for you. I am no preacher; I don't preach; I try to exhort a little sometimes when the Lord leads me. You go right ahead; the Lord is going to help you.' And He did help me, on one point only—brevity. When I called on Brother Barrett to exhort, he walked out into the middle of the room and began. I shall never forget it. At first it was on his own experience, until finally he came to the point where he was going through with the glory in his soul and the 'double hallelujah;' at that he bounded into the air and came down as light as a feather, his face all

radiant with smiles. The entire congregation was captured. He told of his life among the Indians, and of eating, at their feasts, succotash and venison from a large bowl, each one dipping in with his spoon and helping himself; of taking the thin soup from the top of the bowl, when an old Indian nudged him in the side, and said, 'Dip deep, Brud-der; good venison at the bottom.' Then he spiritualized it, and showed that we should not be satisfied with a surface experience, but go in for the deep things of God.

"Up to this time we had been having great opposition in the meetings. There had been individual quarrels, family quarrels, and neighborhood quarrels, and they had been brought into the meetings; and the devil was having his way. But as this happy man exhorted and shouted and jumped, the glory of God came down and melted and subdued the people. They seemed to forget their envy and hatred, and it was not long until the entire crowd were enthused. Getting together, they confessed their faults and forgave one another. The work then began to move, a class was organized, and at the present time in the Michigan conference appointments the East church is numbered as one of them.

"What a time to me was the following two weeks, as I sat at his feet and listened and learned the way of God more perfectly. The times we spent in secret prayer—and they were not so secret, either—and our appointed times of fasting were most blessed. It seemed that he could look into my very being and detect every flaw, and to a certain extent

a fear took hold upon me. I do not remember ever jesting or joking in his presence; and that was something I never heard him do. He was a very careful man in his life, especially in the small things; he had a tender conscience and always lived to keep on good terms with it."

A Church Member's Startling Confession

"Brother Gitchell came back in time to close the meeting, and we started for the English settlement near Ridgeway. The meeting there was a wonderful success. The order was for Brother Gitchell to preach and Brother Barrett to exhort, invite sinners to the altar, and take charge of the altar service. Here was his strong forte, in leading and laboring at the altar. He believed in being definite, and in public or private was not afraid to do close, searching work. If they did not seem to be getting along well at the altar, he would have them rise to their feet and then have what we might call a close class-meeting. When he got through with the candidates, they were generally ready to pour out their souls to God. On a certain occasion, as the altar service dragged, he began his class-meeting. A member of a fashionable church was forward, and he questioned him in this manner: 'Now, Brother, what did you come forward for? You are a church member. Let us know what you want.' The answer was, 'I want to get more religion.' 'Now, Brother, be definite. If you were ever saved and have obeyed the Lord, you ought to be just full of religion; but

if you have backslidden, don't come here and say you want more religion. Make your humble confession; tell us you are a sinner, and then we will know how and what to pray for.' Looking down at the altar, he stood for a moment like a statue. He was a young married man, had a fine farm, and had rich relatives around him, some of whom were in the congregation. He was also a member in good standing of a popular church. All at once he cried out, 'I stole a sheep,' and fell at the altar, where he struggled until he got the victory. In that meeting, three young men consecrated themselves to the work of the ministry, and joined the Michigan conference. Together with their wives and Brother Barrett, they are over on the other shore. There was but one Clifford B. Barrett. He was a man of God, cleansed, purified, and meet for the Master's use."

Nearly Whole Neighborhood Converted—Reviler's Fearful End

The following wonderful account of a meeting is given by Mr. M. B. Hart:

"My first acquaintance with C. B. Barrett was in the winter of 1860, when he was holding a revival-meeting in the town of Red House, New York, on the Allegany Indian reservation. That was a wonderful meeting; many of the Indians were converted. From Red House he came to our neighborhood, about three miles from that place, and held a six-weeks' meeting in the school-house, which was the greatest revival-meeting I have ever witnessed. As

the power of God came down, many were slain and would lie for hours. There were only three or four persons in the whole neighborhood that were not converted; and many came from other places, and from towns, so great was the attraction, and were wrought upon by the Spirit and saved before they went home. It seemed as if nothing could stand in the way of God in that meeting. Going home from the meetings night after night, one could hear the voice of prayer and praise by the roadside, in the corners of fences, in the woods, in barns, and in the shingle-shanties. The devil tried to stop the work, but it only went with greater power.

"When the truth is preached in all its fulness, as Brother Barrett preached it, the devil is always stirred and puts it upon some one to make a fuss if he can. Sometimes he works through a dead, formal church member, and sometimes through a minister of the gospel(?), but more often through sinners. There was a man living in the place, whose family were all converted, himself being a sinner. He would not go to the meetings, and was opposed to having his family go. As he did everything he could against the work, he was made a special subject of prayer. We were going home from meeting one night, when Brother Barrett said we would stop at the home of a brother and pray for the man. While we were praying, one of our number had a vision, and saw an angel standing over the wicked man's house with a drawn sword in his hand dripping with blood. Brother Barrett said something fearful was going to happen to him if he did not

repent and get saved. The man did not repent nor change his attitude toward the work of God, and one night after the midnight hour he was found in his front yard, *with his head cut off and his body cut to pieces with an ax.* The family were away from home that night and the reviler and another man, who had been drinking during the day, got into a quarrel with the result as stated.

"The fruit of that meeting is still marching on. Brother Barrett is dead but he yet speaketh. He was an exhorter in the Methodist church at that time, and was the first person I ever heard preach the doctrine of holiness."

XIII

REMARKABLE ANSWERS TO PRAYER

The remarkable answers to the prayers of Mr. Barrett were numerous and varied. His absolute dependence upon God for all temporal needs, being without a home, earthly possessions, or humanly provided support, was a condition that called for the exercise and tended toward the development of great faith in God. In the conquering of unbelief, his habit of incessant prayer had no small part. If all the instances of remarkable answers to his prayers were contained in a book, it would doubtless be a goodly-sized volume. Many of them, however, are hidden in obscurity or lost in oblivion.

His prayers alone were most remarkable; for the infinitesimal, the wonderful, and the seemingly impossible things he frequently asked for were astounding. Every condition of human need was spanned by his simple, mighty faith. When he prayed, prayerful and believing saints were some times astonished, and when God answered, they were amazed beyond reason. His admonition to all was to "talk faith and pray faith."

His experience in procuring money for traveling and other expenses in answer to prayer, and his faith and trust in God were so simple and great, that it did not seem to greatly concern him when his pock-

et-book was empty and he felt the call of the Spirit to immediate departure for other points of labor. Nor was he much concerned, or his faith vacillant, if the Lord deferred providing for his fare until he was on the train en route. In going from place to place, his part in the will of God was carried out promptly and splendidly, and the Lord never permitted him to be disappointed because of lack of means to travel.

Car-fare to Canada; or Faith Triumphant

Mr. Barrett one time wished to attend a camp-meeting in Canada. He was then in one of the states, and lacked just eight dollars of having enough money to take him to the place where the meeting was to be held. After praying over the matter, he was convinced that it was the Lord's will for him to go, and so under the leading of the Spirit he got ready and started for the depot. He expected evidently that while on the way to the depot, or as he waited for the train to arrive, some one would hand him enough money to take him through; but in that expectation he was disappointed. Concerning his financial strait, or his need of a certain sum of money, he had spoken to no one but God. The train arrived, and no one had given him anything; and when it was due to pull out, he was still without the necessary money. It was a severe test of his faith. The devil may have flitted through his mind the thought that for once God would surely fail to supply his needs, or he may have suggested the expediency of awaiting the arrival of the next

train, which would possibly give him ample time to obtain the sum needed. But when the devil attempted to parley with Mr. Barrett, he found himself severely snubbed. With a dauntless spirit and an even state of mind, he boarded the outgoing train. When he got into the car, he entered the closet and there poured out his heart to God in prayer. The Lord strengthened him, and after he came out and was seated, he felt led to sing. He began, and just what he sang, or what happened to him as he sang, is not known; but before he was through with it, the Spirit had touched the hearts of two young men. One of them went to Mr. Barrett and handed him a five-dollar bill, and the other one went over to where he sat and gave him three dollars. He got just eight dollars, the sum he needed, and for which he had prayed.

In praying for money, it frequently happened that he received the exact amount he needed, no more and no less, which was a verification of the divine answer to his prayers. A minister one time placed five dollars in his hand. Mr. Barrett then told him that he needed just that amount to pay his way to a camp-meeting, but had no idea as to where it was to come from.

Faith as Firm as Gibraltar

He was once assisting in a revival-meeting in Cleveland, Ohio, and ending his labors there, was led to go to a certain place in New York state. As it was not customary for him to receive collections

in meetings where he labored, but was ever honored with the Pauline experience of being "poor yet making many rich; having nothing, and yet possessing all things," he left that meeting without money. *But his faith was as firm as Gibraltar, and had a monetary valuation equivalent to the greatest exigency.* Following the leading of the Spirit, he proceeded toward the railroad depot. On his way there he had to cross a bridge, and as he walked prayerfully along over the stream he was suddenly approached by a stranger who accosted him and said, "I feel as though I ought to give you five dollars," and forthwith taking the money from his pocket, handed it to him. Mr. Barrett thanked the gentleman, who without further conversation bade him "good morning."

Asked His Father About It

On another occasion the Lord showed him that he was to go to a certain camp-meeting, but he did not have enough money to take him even one way. But in simple obedience he got on the train. After it had started, he went into the closet to pray. He said, "If I did get a little loud, it did not matter, as the train was making such a noise." Returning to his seat, he began to sing. People gathered around him, and when he stopped, they begged him to sing some more. He said, "I asked Father quick, and He said it was all right; so I sang some more." When he had finished they took up a collection for him and he had more than enough to pay his way to the meeting.

On the Elevated Line

One time he got on board the train, in full assurance of faith that God would provide a way through for him, and as the conductor waited on him for his ticket, he said to him: "*I have no ticket and no money, but am going to glory; Jesus is my Savior; I'm washed in His blood*"—and then he got blest and shouted—"HAL-LE-LU-JAH!" The conductor said to him, "Well, you seem to be happy on your journey, anyhow." But before he reached his destination, he was handed some money and paid his fare.

Notable Instances of Answered Prayer

One time when Mr. Barrett was staying at the home of a minister at East Hickory, Pennsylvania, he arose one morning and said the Lord wanted him to go to a camp-meeting in Canada. He did not have any money to go with and the minister told him not to try to go at that time. But he said that he must start that same day, and commenced to get ready. The minister had no money at the time, but his wife had fifty cents, which she gave him, and he said the Lord would give him enough to get through on. About an hour before train time they started, and *before they got to the depot, a distance of one mile, he had enough money to get his ticket and about five dollars to spare.*

At another time, at the Duke Center, Pennsylvania, camp-meeting, he was praying in a tent, and when he arose from his knees, he turned to the same minister and said that the Lord wanted him

to go down to the Pittsburgh work, and that he must go that morning. Knowing that he did not have any money, the brother tried to get him to stay until the next day, thinking that in the meantime he could get some for him. But he said that he must go at once, and could not be talked out of going. So getting the horse ready, they started for the railroad depot, and again before they reached that place he had plenty of money to pay his way through.

A Generous Gift

It was made clear to Mr. Barrett one time that he should attend a meeting at some distance, but he had no money and had no idea where his fare would come from. He went to the station and while waiting for the train to arrive, a man he had never known stepped to his side and said, "I feel impressed to give you this," and handed him twenty dollars.

An Unearthly Passenger

On one occasion Mr. Barrett felt strongly impressed that he should go to a certain camp-meeting. He had no money. But God said, "Go;" and he boarded the train and started. He looked to the Lord that some one might hand him the money for his fare or else that the conductor's heart might be so touched in his favor as to pass him through without money and without price. He felt that it was his duty to start; God's duty to get him

through. The conductor came down the aisle. In due time he touched Brother Barrett's elbow, saying, "Ticket, please." Brother Barrett replied, "I have no money, but God wants me to go to—HAL-LE-LU-JAH!"

The glory had fallen. The conductor looked pale; thought the man was deranged; and feared trouble. He passed on, hoping his passenger would not become further aroused, and feeling relieved on seeing matters subside. Afterwards the conductor looked in the other direction when passing the seat of his unworldly passenger. Brother Barrett left the train at the right station, appeared very rational under the gaze of the train crew, and reached the camp-meeting without further incident.

The Lord Paid The Bill

About the year 1897, a camp-meeting was held at New Haven, Pennsylvania. Mr. Barrett arrived from a distant point. On getting off the train, he found that he would have to walk some distance to reach the camp-ground. The time of his arrival was unknown. He was very hungry. Seeing a restaurant near, he entered. This time he had paid his fare on the train, but it took his last nickel, and he reached his destination without the price of a sandwich. "I was hungry," he said; "but my Father is rich, and he told me to enter and have something to eat."

He sat down at a table. He was asked whether he would like to have a full meal, and he replied in the affirmative. The meal was served, including a

glass of milk. He asked the blessing of God upon the food, and upon the hands that provided it. With artless, childlike simplicity, he told the Lord how weary and hungry he felt after his long journey; that it took all of his money to pay his fare, but that the Lord's children are never reduced to the necessity of begging for bread, and that God has promised to supply all their needs. Dishes ceased to rattle, and tears came unbidden to the cheeks of many. His words were uttered in the Spirit, and God was there. This "child of a King" received special attention and service.

His meal finished, he returned a few words of thanks, and then approached the proprietor, intending, he said, to explain the situation, and trust God to arrive with the means. Before he could offer a word, the proprietor said with trembling lips: "Nothing at all, I'm glad to help you on your way."

Instances of Divine Healing

The special gift of divine healing apparently had no part in Mr. Barrett's equipment for service in the Lord's work. However, many persons were healed in answer to his prayers. In that respect, for one who did not have that gift, his faith was most remarkable. In receiving answers to prayer for his own afflictions, he was less fortunate perhaps than those for whom he prayed. That, however, is given as a matter of personal opinion.

A Free Methodist preacher once had a sick horse, which could not eat. Brother Barrett became greatly concerned about it. He said, "Let's pray,"

and got down on his knees; and in his simple way, he said: "O Lord, this horse is sick and can not eat its corn. Now Thou canst make it well, so it can eat all right; we ask it for Jesus' sake, amen." The horse got well.

Rev. Edward M. Sandys writes: "While holding meetings at East Hickory, Pennsylvania, I was taken quite sick and had to close the meeting. I went to Tidioute to see a physician, thinking that I would have to have an operation performed. Taking an early morning train, I stopped at the home of Brother and Sister Milan Smith, arriving just as they were having morning prayers. Brother Barrett was there, and he prayed in his unique, earnest way for God to heal my body. Sister Smith caught the spirit of the prayer and cried, 'His body, Lord,' several times, clapping her hands. I felt a strange sensation go through my entire being. All pain left my body, and I had such a sense of being freed from physical infirmity. I went out doors and discovered that I was healed. That was my first experience in divine healing for the body. I returned to East Hickory and began revival services and God gave us a glorious revival."

When His "Knees Began to Feel Like Bending," Heaven and Earth Came Together

At the close of a certain camp-meeting, a number of persons were walking to the depot, on their way home, when Mr. Barrett, who was with them, said, "My knees feel like bending; let us pray." He then offered a short prayer, in which no one thing

in particular was mentioned. When they reached the depot, one of the party felt greatly impressed to give Mr. Barrett some money. Handing him enough to pay his fare, the latter said, "Thank the Lord, and you too." It was afterward found out that he did not have a cent before he received the amount of his fare. .

Only Thirty Cents, a Time of Panic, 150 Miles from the Next "Home," but Happy

Back in the seventies of the last century, Mr. Barrett one time left Braddock, Pennsylvania, to attend a camp-meeting about one hundred and fifty miles distant in the northwestern part of the state. It was during the time of a money panic in this country, when the laboring classes were idle and money was scarce. Mr. Barrett's faith in the promises of God respecting his temporal needs, however, was not affected by a panic, nor by any other earthly condition. With thirty cents in his pocket, just the amount that would pay his fare to Pittsburgh, on his way to the meeting, he was happy and triumphant. In the eyes of many preachers, who seemingly have great faith in God, *thirty cents, in the time of a stringent panic, one hundred and fifty miles from "home,"* would look exceedingly small. But with Mr. Barrett the promises of God plus faith equaled his car-fare wherever he was led to go, whether he had one cent or thirty cents, in hard times or in prosperous times. Reaching Pittsburgh, he left the depot and was walking along a street, when he met a man with whom he was slightly acquainted. They

shook hands and exchanged greetings, and when the man released his grip Mr. Barrett held a five-dollar bill in his right hand.

An Account of the Dispersion of a Storm

“At the second camp-meeting held at Tionesta, Pennsylvania, in the year of 1880, a most remarkable answer to Mr. Barrett’s prayer was exhibited, in which a severe and disastrous storm was dispersed. One afternoon the congregation had assembled for the 2:30 o’clock service. The stand was filled with preachers, and Rev. E. P. Hart was to deliver the sermon. Just as he announced his text and began to speak, large drops of rain began to fall. A storm had been gathering for some time, and was heading seemingly straight for the campground. Vivid lightning flashes, accompanied by loud peals of thunder, rent the air, and the alarming apprehension of a fierce electric storm seized the minds of the people. However, for some unknown reason, the large congregation were motionless, except as the rain began to fall they hoisted a good many umbrellas. At that moment Brother Hart said calmly, ‘I do not like to preach to umbrellas; Brother Barrett, please lead us in prayer.’ The preachers all dropped upon their knees, and in a short, simple prayer, Brother Barrett asked the Lord to turn the storm aside, giving as reasons that the people had gathered to hear Brother Hart preach, and that much good might be done. As we arose from our knees, the rain ceased to fall on us. The storm divided and went on both sides of the

camp-ground, devastating crops, trees, and bridges in its path on each side. The people remained in their seats and the sermon was resumed. But after speaking a few minutes, the astonished look on the faces of the people in the congregation, as they gazed at the storm on the right hand and on the left, and at the preachers, and especially at Brother Barrett, was noticed by him. He saw that he did not have their attention. Pausing a moment as he looked with his characteristic smile around on the people, he said softly, 'Don't be alarmed; this is not the first time I have witnessed direct answer to Brother Barrett's prayers.' From that time he had their attention, and preached one of the most powerful sermons to which I have ever listened. Many were the slain of the Lord that day, and eternity alone will reveal the good accomplished." (Rev. D. B. Tobey.)

Scared Out of a Mine and Saved in Answer to Prayer

During a revival-meeting at Braddock, a coal miner, who had backslidden from God, was made the subject of Mr. Barrett's prayers with marvelously quick results. Mr. Barrett inquired one day of the miner's wife how her husband was getting along spiritually. She said he was not making any effort to recover his lost experience, and asked him to pray for her wayward companion. "We will pray for him now," said Mr. Barrett, and getting on their knees he asked the Lord to send pungent conviction upon him, and to save his soul, including in his prayer these words, "Bring him out of the mine immediate-

ly if Thou hast to scare him out." In a short time some one was heard at the door, and the miner walked in. Upon being asked as to the reason for his coming home at such an hour when other miners were still working, he replied, in a voice that betrayed deep agitation, that he had heard noises in the mine as though it were going to cave in and was afraid to remain any longer. Mr. Barrett's prayer was further answered that evening, just as he expected that it would be, when the miner attended the services, went to the mourner's bench and was grandly saved.

The Elements Controlled.

In the year 1898, at the Blairsville, Pennsylvania, camp-meeting, a heavy rain was averted in answer to the prayer of Mr. Barrett. At the beginning of the service one morning, it was evident to all present that a severe storm was brewing. The sky hung heavy with dark clouds, and just as the preacher began to speak, it commenced to rain, with every indication of a drenching storm. Umbrellas arose like pop-corn over a fire, and the people started away in squads. At that juncture, the district elder announced that the services would be concluded in the tabernacle, or large tent, whereupon Mr. Barrett sprang to his feet and said, "Everybody put down your umbrellas, and it will quit raining." He spoke as one having authority; for he uttered that command under inspiration of the Holy Spirit. The umbrellas went down, and the rain stopped so instantly that people paused and looked at one another in

astonishment. The scattering crowds returned, sat down, and gave impressive attention to the preaching of the word. The promptness of the unsaved people and the formal professors in putting down their umbrellas was to many almost as remarkable as the immediate stopping of the rain.

A Photographer's Bill Collected in Answer to Prayer

"In the year 1886 Brother Barrett came to Mt. Washington (Pittsburgh) to a meeting. Mr. Platt and I invited him to come to see us. He was very much pleased, and raising his hand he said, '*Thank God for a hitching-post in Pittsburgh.*' After that he came frequently, staying several days to rest. When about to leave our home, he would have prayer, and *would ask the Lord to send in some of the old bills that were due my husband, and which we never expected to get*, to repay us for our kindness to him. And I want to say that *they were always paid*. Sometimes when a bill was hard to collect, Mr. Platt would say we would have to get Brother Barrett to pray for its payment." (Mrs. H. E. Platt.)

The Preacher's Flour Barrel and Table Replenished

The instance given below is furnished by Rev. S. Sager:

"While I was on the Tionesta, Pennsylvania, circuit, just before I came down with nervous prostration, Brother Barrett came to my home one time. He had dinner with us, and after dinner had a

wonderful time in secret prayer. As he was about to leave us, I prevailed on him to stay with me; for I was feeling bad. My wife then called me to one side and said that I should not urge him to stay, as we did not have much in the house to eat. But I told her I felt that he ought to stay, and he did. The next morning as my wife was using the last flour in preparing breakfast, a groceryman drove up to the house and left a sack of flour in the kitchen, and while we were yet at the breakfast table, a rap came at the front door. I opened the door, and a man stood there with a large basket of groceries. After asking him to come in, he said, 'I am in a hurry; will you please empty the basket.' Upon inquiry as to who had sent the groceries, he said that a wealthy lady, a member of the Presbyterian church, had sent them. She had been dreaming about us, and when she awoke, felt troubled, and immediately ordered the groceries to be sent to us. The basket contained five or six dollars' worth of groceries."

A River Flood in Answer to Prayer

Rev. D. B. Tobey here recounts a most remarkable answer to prayer, which shows Mr. Barrett's extraordinary faith in God:

"In the spring of 1879 I had a large fleet of lumber, containing about seven hundred thousand feet, that was stuck in the Ohio river two hundred and fifty miles below Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. My family was with me on the raft and we waited about two weeks for a rise in the river; but the river got

very low, and there was no sign of a flood. Finally, packing our goods, we went home, to Panther Rock, Forest county, Pennsylvania, leaving two men in charge of the raft. We reached Hickory, a small town a few miles from our home, on Friday evening, and found that it was the beginning of Presiding Elder R. W. Hawkins' quarterly-meeting. Rev. J. Barnhart was the preacher in charge and Brother Barrett was in attendance. The quarterly-meeting was a time of refreshing and power. On Monday morning, with my family I started for my mills at Panther Rock. Brother Barrett, who had learned the circumstances in connection with my raft, immediately afterward retired to the barn of Brother Keister to pray. Climbing into the haymow, he asked God to send rain to take my lumber off the bar and permit me to deliver it to Louisville, Kentucky, and return in time for the coming camp-meeting to be held at Tionesta, Pennsylvania, the following August. After spending about two hours in prayer, he went out in search of Brother Barnhart. When he found him, both went to the barn and remained there a long time, during which several seasons of prayer followed. Finally, Brother Barrett sprang to his feet and exclaimed, *'Glory, glory! Hal-le-lu-jah! I see Brother Tobey's raft gliding down the Ohio as if it were in a river of oil.'* I knew nothing about the praying for a flood at that time.

"That Monday night it began to rain. Tuesday I went to Tionesta; it still rained. Wednesday I went to Pittsburgh, and the rain continued to fall

moderately. Taking a boat at Pittsburgh, I arrived that evening at the place where my raft was tied. Just as the boat came in sight of the raft, *it was swinging off the bar*. The line held it, and it swung to the shore; but the river did not rise another inch. There I was, four hundred miles from home, with a water-soaked monster of a raft, and only two men to run it. I needed twelve more men, experienced rivermen, and a pilot. The next day, Thursday, I spent with my two men fixing up the raft and getting ready to pull out. About nine o'clock in the forenoon a passenger steamboat came up the river, and to my surprise *on board stood my favorite old pilot, Jim Martin*. I hailed the boat, went out with a skiff, and took him off, *and before night from different directions my men continued to come until my crew was complete*. Friday morning we started on low water; some places there was not an inch to spare; and the weather was hot and the crew 'green,' which made conditions still more unfavorable. On Saturday afternoon we landed in a good eddy, where we stayed over Sunday. The following week we tugged on against wind and low water, and landed again on Saturday evening for the Lord's day, about twenty-five miles above Cincinnati. If the river had fallen four inches, and it was probable that it might have done so, we could not have floated over Buzzards' Roost, four miles below us, the following Monday. My crew were restless and sulky, and they blamed me for refusing to run on Sundays. But that haymow prayer had moved the arm that holds the skies, and about

four o'clock Sunday afternoon a black cloud appeared in the southwest; and on Monday morning we sailed forth on *four feet more water than we had when we tied up on Saturday*. And we finally ran into Louisville without a mishap, *on twenty-five feet of water,—a veritable fulfilment of Brother Barrett's vision in the hay-loft.*

"I consider that one of the most remarkable instances of direct answer to prayer, in all its details, that I ever knew. It shows how God will control even the elements and the actions and course of wicked men and send them where He will; for He sent those men to me on that memorable Thursday in answer to the prayers of His humble, obedient servant."

Mr. Tobey returned from Louisville, Kentucky, in time to attend the camp-meeting, as Brother Barrett had requested in his prayer.

"About the close of the camp-meeting Brother Barrett consented to let Brother Barnhart tell *me* about the prayer-meeting in the barn. How vividly I could look back and see the hand and Spirit of God in all that had transpired."

XIV

INCIDENTS OF PRAYER

Mr. Barrett's custom of spending much time each day upon his knees in prayer was disclosed in the manner in which his pants became threadbare at the knees and his boots worn at the toes.

"Knee Work"

In regard to wearing his boots out at the toes, the following incident furnishes a striking example: Mr. Barrett went into a shoemaker's shop one time to have his boots repaired. The cobbler looked at his boots and then said, "How does it happen that you wear your boots out on *top* of the toes?" The reply was forthwith, for he had a reason, "Oh, I do a great deal of knee work."

Light in a Dark Place

Mr. Barrett was a member of the order of Odd-Fellows before his conversion, and retained his membership in the order for a while afterward. He did not then know that affiliation with secret orders was unbiblical and unchristian, and was incompatible with the highest interests of both church and state. But his characteristic susceptibility to gospel light soon brought about a change in that regard. In company with his pastor in the Methodist church,

he attended a meeting of the lodge one evening. As the invocation of the chaplain, who was an ungodly man, was being made, some one close to Mr. Barrett uttered a solemn groan. Looking in the direction of the voice, he beheld the bowed form of his pastor, with a burdened expression on his countenance. Then and there the Holy Spirit revealed to him the sin of being yoked up with wicked men and unbelievers in that institution.

Heard in Glory

In his earlier Christian life Mr. Barrett visited a sister at his old home in New Hampshire, and also one in Boston. One of these sisters in particular was a professed Christian and a member of the Presbyterian church. But she evidently had never seen any one so wholly devoted to God and so filled with the Spirit as was her brother. She thought surely he was at the verge of life's departure, and that no one could possibly remain long upon earth who was so fervent in spirit serving the Lord and so wonderfully blest in prayer as he was. Whenever it was time for family prayers, she would close the doors and window blinds, so that no one from the outside could see or hear him pray. Once she expostulated with him, and said, "Why, I am afraid people will hear you in the street." "Oh, yes," he replied, "farther than that; they hear me in glory."

She did not live to hear of his death, but preceded him several years to the grave. He had the blessed privilege, however, before she died of seeing her truly converted to God.

A Namesake Saved and Dies Happy

Shortly after that he visited a sister at Oshkosh, Wisconsin. Upon his arrival the sister exclaimed, "O Clifford, I am so glad you have come. Our boy is sick, and the doctor says he cannot live. I have wished for you all day." The little boy, who was a namesake of Mr. Barrett, was suffering from hemorrhage of the lungs. He was labored with by his uncle and gave himself to the Lord. Soon after that he died happy in Jesus.

An Exciting Situation

During his visit in Boston, Mr. Barrett did some gospel work in house-to-house visiting. At one place where he called, he found a woman and several small children, also a dog and a cat, in the home. It became apparent to him as he talked to the woman, and especially before he departed from the home, that the family were strangers not only to the saving grace of God, but also to the manner in which the Lord manifests Himself in His saints. When he got down on his knees to pray before leaving the house, fire from heaven fell upon his soul and he gave vent to his feelings in an unmodified tone of voice and in language that was not altogether earthly. The woman, unaccustomed to such unearthly noise and unusual demonstrations, became terrorized from fright and fled from the room, while the children ran helter-skelter in wild pursuit. Leaping to an open window high up in the wall, the cat, with fur on end, jumped out, thus

making its escape. But the dog was less disturbed in mind and faced the situation. Being ever ready to show its pugnacity when anything unusual put in an appearance, it grabbed Mr. Barrett by the pants' leg and with tenacious grip pulled and tugged with vehement energy. It was a case for immediate action or exit, or both, with Mr. Barrett, and, to use his own words, he "prayed short meter" and hastily departed.

Needful Instruction

In a public meeting a brother was praying somewhat at random, when Mr. Barrett laid his hand upon him with this inquiry: "Brother, what are you praying for?"

"For the outpouring of the Holy Ghost," was the reply.

"On whom?"

"Why, on us."

"Don't say on *us*," responded the man of definite and intense ideas, "but on *me*."

The Intense Idea Put Into Practise

The following is an impressive instance of "praying quick and getting blest quick." While stopping at the home of a brother in the Lord in one of his evangelistic tours, a lady made a short call one day. As she arose to leave, Mr. Barrett, as was his custom under such circumstances, said, "Let us have prayers before you go." The sister of the house was making pies and had her hands in the dough, and she said, "Why, we can't have prayers until I

get my hands out of the dough and get them washed." But Mr. Barrett suited action to his words, and before the sister had time to wash her hands, he had dropped on his knees, prayed, been blest, and was on his feet again.

Having a desire to give that sister a certain sum of money, possibly for some needed purpose, Mr. Barrett said to her one day, "If the Lord sends me some money (mentioning the sum) to-day, I will give it to you." He got the exact amount that day.

Under the Elms

During the beginning of the Free Methodist work in southwestern Pennsylvania, Mr. Barrett frequently stopped and remained for a short time at the home of James W. McWilliams at Braddock. He had been instrumental in leading that brother to Jesus at the time of the great revival-meeting in that place. Later Mr. McWilliams moved to Smith-ton, and while residing there Mr. Barrett went to see him one time.

Down along the banks of a stream which ran by the place, there was a picturesque spot where a number of beautiful elm trees grew. The dense foliage of those trees afforded protection from the sweltering rays of a summer sun to many revelers, whose only enticement was a shady nook and a cask of whisky. The latter was procurable just across the stream on the hillside by depositing money at a certain place, and then receding for some distance and awaiting the exchange. Mr. Barrett and Mr. McWilliams were walking along leisurely under the

elm trees one day, when the fascinating allurements of the spot seemed suddenly to awaken in Mr. Barrett a desire just then to pray. And it was only a few minutes until the loud shouts of "Amen!" "Hallelujah!" went up from beneath the elms. The joyful intonations seemed to reverberate from over on the distant hillside. They listened. No, someone, evidently filled with spirit also, was shouting over there too. "Amen!" "Hallelujah!" it came. Then Mr. Barrett spoke: "Say, Jimmie, that's a goat; I can always tell the difference between the bleat of a goat and the bleat of a sheep."

"Hearing from Home"

One night while he was in the home of Mr. McWilliams, a severe storm came up. The rain beat heavily upon and against the house, and the wind blew boisterously, while the lightning flashed amidst loud peals of thunder. But above all that din there suddenly broke forth in the room in which Mr. Barrett slept a noise not greatly unlike that of Pentecost. Then in tones more ecstatic than conversational came the words: "Oh, Jimmie, I'm hearing from home."

Grasping Opportunity by the Forelock

To the willing and obedient worker, opportunities to do good come with certain frequency. But Mr. Barrett was too aggressive and active always to await the regular course of events, and he sometimes made opportunities when conditions were most unfavorable.

One time he was at a minister's home, and at the dinner table a relative of the minister, an unsaved young man, being in a great hurry to attend to some business affairs, bolted his dinner, jumped up, and started to leave the room. Brother Barrett instantly forestalled his movements, and laying his hand upon him, said, "Charley, we must thank the Lord for this good dinner." And down on their knees they went; and in a dozen words Brother Barrett offered thanks without offense to the young man.

Outwitted the Devil

Mr. Barrett was tempted fiercely at times. The devil seemed frequently to attack him personally. He got off the train at Cobham, Warren county, Pennsylvania, one time, and in company with a young man started up the mountain toward Davie Hill, where a meeting was in progress. The road was slushy and slippery, a soft snow, with ice underneath, covering the surface. Having a load to carry, the young man could not assist Brother Barrett by carrying his bundle. As they trudged along together up the hill, Satan made a fierce attack upon the elderly brother. He told him that it was foolish for him to toil up that hill, that he would not be welcome at any of the homes up there, and that the preachers did not want him in the meetings anyway. But suddenly taking his hat off and dropping upon his knees, with hands stretched toward heaven, he prayed a few sentences; and then jumping up, he turned to the young man and said, "Amen, hallelu-

jah! the devil did not know I was going to pray right here.” After that he went on his way rejoicing, and found a hearty welcome at the meeting and much work awaiting him.

“An Old-time, Log-cabin Sermon.”

Evangelist F. W. Cox furnishes the following instance of prayer, which is remarkable for its brevity, comprehensiveness, and exhibit of astounding faith in God:

“The following incident is ineffaceably stamped upon my memory and heart. I had been sent as assistant pastor to A. D. Zahniser on the Philipsburg and Gearhartville circuit, in Pennsylvania. The district camp-meeting was held that year at Emporium. On the train en route for the camp-meeting, Satan harassed my mind much with the thought that I would be put up to preach soon after entering the ground. Then he asked me what I would do about the district elder and many other more capable ministers on the stand than myself. I hardly knew what to do, and was much burdened over the thought of preaching under such circumstances. And my fears were not groundless; for as soon as I got on the grounds Elder W. A. Sellev met me and kindly said, ‘Brother Cox, you are to preach this afternoon.’ I shall not stop here to describe my feelings. Gathering up courage, I went to the platform. I hardly know how I did feel; but fortunately for me the town was not a seaport and there was no ship for Tarshish. The preliminaries being out of the way, I was announced to preach.

God, who knoweth the hearts, put it into my heart to call on Brother Barrett to pray. I did so, and nearly word for word this was his prayer: *'O Lord God, in the name of Jesus Christ, help Brother Cox to preach an old-time, log-cabin sermon full of the Holy Ghost and fire, for about fifteen or twenty minutes, Amen.'* God came mightily into our midst, and I forgot everybody around me. I was enveloped in a flame of divine glory. The wheels of my intellect were oiled and set on fire, and for another time God granted dear old Father Barrett his desire and sent the old-time, log-cabin sermon."

**The Custom Among Free Methodists of Kneeling in
Prayer When Entering the House of the Lord
Inaugurated by C. B. Barrett**

Rev. W. H. James, one of the first preachers in the Free Methodist church, has the following to say regarding the custom common in that denomination of kneeling in prayer when first entering the house of the Lord to worship:

"While we were holding a meeting, in the early fall of 1866, in the East school-house, on the Raisinville circuit, a number of young pilgrims were one day seated in the hospitable home of Father Gray. Brother Barrett was there, and he arose and said that it would be a benefit to us and an influence upon all present, and that a spirit of solemnity would rest upon the congregation, if we would get upon our knees and offer a silent prayer to God when we entered the church and reached our seats. 'Now,' said he, 'I feel impressed that it is my duty to do

so, and I pledge right here that I will hereafter kneel in prayer when I enter my seat at the beginning of a service, and all who will pledge to do the same for the glory of God raise your hands.' That was an innovation of which we had never heard nor seen. We believed it was the prerogative of the preacher only. And that custom, which has become so prevalent among us as a people, I believe was inaugurated at that time and place by Brother Barrett."

Freedom of the Spirit

In the assertion of his convictions, Mr. Barrett had perfect liberty. His utmost contention was for the liberty of the Spirit. Any hindrance to the Spirit's free course in meetings, or elsewhere, he regarded as most dangerous and detrimental, and exhorted every one to be free in the Lord, quoting oftentimes, "Whom the Son maketh free, is free indeed"; and insisting that each one "let the Lord bless him." He kept himself from all restraint of the enemy, and was a potent factor in any religious meeting, overcoming abridgments of spiritual freedom. Many times has his untrammelled liberty and singular simplicity "spoiled" the nicety of "dry," formal worship and set things on fire for God. His liberty was maintained at all hazard. Whether in a spiritual meeting or in a formal one, in the house of saints or in that of sinners, he was without repression of spirit. His expressions of "Amen," "Hallelujah," "Praise the Lord," etc., which were ever and frequently on his lips, were not subject to

circumstance or environment. Oftentimes in the stillness of the far-spent night, when he "felt the symptoms," his shouts broke forth. In meetings where the presence of God was manifested, his tongue was a flame of fire with Holy Ghost shouts of praise; while in formal meetings where the power of God was restrained, in his incidental attendance he gave evidence of possessing a tangible, vitalized experience in God, and in a way that impressed the carnal professors as being phenomenal and supernatural.

"This happy, holy man earnestly contended for perfect freedom of the Spirit for all Christians with whom he became closely associated. An aged minister of deep piety and considerable ability attended an annual conference held at New Castle, Pennsylvania. Brother Barrett observed that the venerable preacher did not manifest perfect freedom and requested that he accompany him to a near-by grove for a season of prayer. The aged brethren returned with shining faces, joyful voices, and uplifted hands, shouting the praises of God. The good brother said, 'I have been a minister of the gospel for many years, but never knew, until Brother Barrett taught me to-day, what virtue there is in giving up the voice in praise to God. Oh, how much I have missed!'" (Rev. A. D. Zahniser.)

XV

MISCELLANEOUS INCIDENTS

A Most Remarkable Incident

An incident of overwhelming awe, in which nature in omnipotent form meted out divine judgment with implacable vengeance, occurred at East Hickory, Pennsylvania, back in the seventies of the last century, when Free Methodism was first being planted there. The struggling church, weak in numbers but "strengthened with all might according to His glorious power" (Col. 1: 11), had no building of its own in which to worship, but was using the Methodist meeting-house, by kind permission of that church, when it was not in use by its proper owners. Nor did the church have a regularly appointed preacher, the work being supplied by different ministers as occasion was presented to them.

With no restrictions as to conduct during services when honored by the manifest presence and power of the Holy Spirit, or as to doctrines promulgated from the pulpit, the dependent church waxed valiant in the work of the Lord. The mother church shared in the heavenly blessings that fell copiously upon the more favored believers. But the conditions of mutual fellowship between the distinct bodies of Christians were soon reversed under the

preaching of Rev. John T. James, of the Free Methodist church. By disclosing the sins of secret-order fellowship, he stirred the ire of carnality in the hearts of some of the members of the old church, and the result was that the next time the Free Methodists went to the house to hold services, they found the door securely locked against them.

A few days later an electric storm visited that region with startling consequence following the locking of the church door, as if in vindictive judgment on the opposers of the truth. A bolt of lightning struck the building, which tore the steeple off, moved part of the foundation stones out of place, ignited a fire in both stoves, in which wood or coal was used, and split the only door from top to bottom, throwing the strip that held the lock about ten feet from the building. Thus God opened the door and built the fires. Mr. Barrett, who was closely associated with the work at that place from its beginning, arrived upon the scene shortly after the storm, and regarded the strange occurrence as a direct act of the divine will. He told one of his brethren, who was engaged to make the necessary repairs, not to replace the steeple which God had removed.

The Lost Sheep Found

"When I lived at Panther Rock, Forest county, Pennsylvania, Brother Barrett came to my home one time. After spending a few weeks, he said one day, 'I must go.' He would not consent to have me take him in a buggy, but insisted on riding in my

large wagon to Hickory, where one of my teams was going for a load of feed. The distance from my place to Hickory was fourteen miles. He rode five miles, to Whig Hill, when he suddenly asked the driver to stop and let him off; and thanking him for the ride, he said he had some business on hand for the Lord. With his bundle of clothes, which he generally carried in a shawl-strap, he started down through Ross Run and over Dutch Hill; and turning off the Tionesta road, he took a by-road leading out on the head of Tubbs Run. He must have walked about eight or nine miles, on a strange road to him. Arriving at a lonely house, he went to the door and knocked. A lady opened the door, and Brother Barrett said, 'I am looking for a lost sheep.' The lady burst into tears, and in the midst of her sobs and cries said, 'It is me; I have been so miserable that I prayed God to send some one to pray for me and help me. My husband will not go to meeting nor allow me to go.' (Rev. D. B. Tobey.)

It seems from separate accounts that Mr. Barrett did not know just where he was going, and that he and the lady referred to were strangers to each other. The accounts show a most remarkable instance of being led by the Holy Spirit.

The labors of Mr. Barrett in that home were signally blest of God, and will redound to His eternal glory. The sister kept the victory to the end and died triumphantly in Christ. Rev. S. Sager says, "I preached her funeral sermon about twelve years after Brother Barrett was led by the Spirit

to 'look for the lost sheep,' and never had such an experience before nor since. The text was, 'The storm has passed, and the calm has come.' While I was preaching the most beautiful beams of heavenly light were over the head of the casket, and were seen by three persons besides myself."

Bridled His Tongue

Mr. Barrett was never guilty of the unchristian habit of talking foolishly, reading foolish paragraphs, stories, or books, or laughing at foolishness. Nor did he indulge in jesting or joking, nor in the use of bywords. He was serious and sober, yet joyful and happy. And in that common charity that demands the suppression of the knowledge of evil in others, and the spread only of what is good, he was an ideal example to believers. Many are prone to detail and report evil in those who they think or know have digressed from the paths of righteousness; but Mr. Barrett was noted for his absolute faultlessness in that respect. Supreme love to God and to his fellow man, and prudence in a high degree, excluded the possibility of his speaking evil of any one. It grieved him to hear a disparaging report of any one, and he never repeated it.

In that connection Rev. J. E. Berkheimer says: "At the Warren, Pennsylvania, camp-meeting, back in the '80s, a Brother Irwin and I rented two large tents to accommodate all those who were without means to pay their way. A man who was a stranger to us came to the tents regularly for his meals. We learned that he was amply able to pay his own way,

but went to camp-meetings and other gatherings to be cared for by others. Brother Barrett being acquainted with the man's financial circumstances, Brother Irwin took him out into the woods to make inquiry as to what he knew about the man. After the matter had been laid before Barrett, he placed his hand on Brother Irwin's shoulder and said, 'Let us pray about it,' and without further reply walked away.'

**The Injunction, "Speak Evil of No Man,"
Scrupulously Kept**

At a camp-meeting held at Brookville, Pennsylvania, several years before the demise of Mr. Barrett, Rev. O. Gornell preached a very practical sermon on the sins of the tongue. The subject treated had the effect of creating profound interest and exacting critical self-examinations. At the close of the sermon Rev. A. D. Zahniser arose and requested those who had been living such lives as to exempt them from blame with respect to evil speaking and kindred sins to arise to their feet. There were many godly, sanctified saints present, including a goodly number of ministers, whose daily lives were examples of a high type of Christian perfection. But the discourse was a searching presentation of divine truth in the power of the Holy Spirit, and for one to declare his state of soul with respect to evil speaking under the vivid light of the Spirit necessitated first the most exacting self-scrutiny. No one who felt that he may have been guilty, thoughtlessly or otherwise, of such sins in any one particular in-

stance could conscientiously arise to his feet. The result was that not a single person stood up—besides one, and that one was C. B. Barrett. Under the emotional gaze of a large concourse of people, and in the blazing glare of eternal truth, he stood, unscathed by darts of condemnation or self-accusation, with that degree of boldness that must characterize every saint who stands faultless before the tribunal of final day. (1 John 4: 17; Jude 24). He stood alone; for in those high and finer traits of Christian character, he excelled where others fell down; the minute things of their lives were such as constantly engaged his mind and heart and for which he received the special favor of God. Mr. Barrett was severely tried over the stand he had taken, but he was assured by the ministers that they had the utmost confidence in him.

Baptized Before Breakfast

While discussing the mode of baptism with a certain brother and the author, Mr. Barrett once stated as his conviction and belief that the mode was immaterial. He then added in his characteristic way, "I would rather have a baptism of the Holy Ghost before breakfast than all the water baptisms."

Censured Without Resentment

In a certain meeting, Rev. H. was telling his experience in handling and disposing of jewelry given by converts toward the missionary cause. Mr. Barrett, who sat just behind him, his mind apparently

engaged with the thought of the utter frivolity of wearing such trinkets, spoke up, saying, "Not worth ten cents a bushel." The congregation were greatly amused. Mr. H. was somewhat deaf and did not hear the remark, and he was at a loss to know why the people laughed. The next day, upon inquiry, he learned that Mr. Barrett was the cause of the laughter, and in the afternoon at a class-meeting in a private house he severely censured him for the remark. The affront had the effect of deadening the meeting and called forth the disapproval of every one present. But Mr. Barrett took the reproof without resentment and kept his own counsel.

"Redemption"

Wisdom and prudence in all things broadly characterized Mr. Barrett's deliberations and actions and his dealings with others; while bias of mind respecting any part of God's work or phase of religious experience was a condition that did not enter into the judicious quality of his mind. He was firmly established in sound doctrine and was not easily moved from his position, yet was open to conviction at all times, and denounced no strange doctrine as false without a certain knowledge as to its authenticity. That was one aspect of his characteristic faultlessness.

A number of members of the church at a certain place once fell into a delusion which they called "redemption." They believed that the coming of the Lord was directly imminent, and that it was possible by seeking to obtain the witness of the Holy

Spirit that they would live to be "caught up" by translation at His appearing. Mr. Barrett was labored with by the enthusiasts, who endeavored to show him the "way of God more perfectly." With an expressed desire to "get all that God had for him," he yielded to their wishes to pray over the matter. But with his intense, energetic way of going about a task, he soon found out that so far as "redemption" was concerned God had nothing for him. He was willing to give ear to the voice of man, but he waited for and heeded only the "still small voice" of the Spirit.

Gratitude Expressed Under All Circumstances

During a meeting held at East Hickory, Pennsylvania, soon after the beginning of the work at that place, there was considerable rainfall, and as a result the roads were very muddy. The people who attended the meeting experienced more or less difficulty in reaching the house of worship, as the town, being a small country place, afforded but few sidewalks. Mr. Barrett, who honored the meeting with his presence, remarked one day when allusion was made to the adverse weather conditions, "Thank the Lord for every drop of rain and for all the mud," and then he truthfully added, "even the rattlesnakes have been blest."

A "Symptomatic" "Gumball" Bound

While Rev. R. W. Hawkins was preaching at a certain camp-meeting one time, Mr. Barrett's "symptoms" suddenly came upon him, and breaking

away from all restraint he bounded into the air. When he alighted, a plank broke under his feet with a loud report. The conservative minister remarked to him, "Brother Barrett, when you jump again, see that you alight on a sound plank."

His Only Request

A few years before the death of Brother Barrett he was one time entertained at the home of a certain friend over night. Some time after he had retired a terrific storm arose, and the family heard him shouting and praising God while the storm was raging. Then he called to them and said, "If I die before morning, have them bury me and put up a headstone and write on it, 'C. B. Barrett, the Happy Alleghenian; Gone to Glory, Washed in the Blood of the Lamb.'"

"Just One Step to Glory"

Death and the grave had no shudder to Mr. Barrett; they were viewed with glorious anticipation. With Jesus in view at the last parting breath, and the fear of the judgment removed, why should the thought of death disturb his tranquil mind. Once he had an attack of heart trouble, in which he was unconscious for a short time. In relating to some friends the account of his sickness after he recovered, he became very enthusiastic with bright anticipation and exclaimed, "*Just one step; just one step; just one step to the glory world—HAL-LE-LU-JAH! WHO-WHOO!*"

A Short Cut to Glory

Mr. Barrett once met with an accident in which he narrowly escaped death. He was thrown from a carriage and fell between the body and the hind wheel, the spokes flying past his face as the horse swiftly sped away. In that position he got blessed and shouted the praises of God as if it were a common camp-meeting experience. "You know," he remarked to a friend afterward, "in the cities we have to follow the streets when we want to go to any particular place; but in the country we can take short cuts across fields and through woods, and I did not know but that the accident was to be a short cut to glory."

Fire to Purge Filthy "Saint"

Living a life of intense devotion, and being remiss in nothing, Mr. Barrett was radical and rigorous without supererogation to the full limit of divine requisition. Filthy-mouthed, oath-bound, and worldly-attired "saints" received his firm but kindly rebuke everywhere.

A man once professed to get saved in a revival-meeting on a Saturday night. The following Sunday afternoon he arose in meeting to testify, and said: "I have put in a long, hard, dry day without tobacco"— But that was as far as he got. Mr. Barrett, who sat in the rear of the building by a register, was instantly set on fire—Holy Ghost fire—and burst forth in an ejaculatory way: "WHO-WHOO! *the poor man needs salvation.*" The congregation were amused, but the man was made sen-

sible of his need of a thorough change of heart and life.

**Definite Experiences and Testimonies Make
"Everything Jingle"**

Mr. Barrett was a close observer of religious experience and testimony. Any uncertainty of experience was easily detected by him and faithfully dealt with in mellowness and love. He had an eye for beauty, but found no gratification in gazing at the "rag posies" on women's hats, or the "hound's ears for the devil to shoot at" on their shoulders. With a brother in the Lord, he sat in a pew of a fashionable church. A worldly-attired lady entered, and Mr. Barrett nudged the brother and said, "Who is that woman with hollyhocks on her hat?"

Though he had but one eye, he could see worldliness in the pilgrims, and any manifestation of it met with prompt but gentle reproof. If a worldly professor became "warmed up" and testified in the love-feast, he would almost invariably sing, in his peculiar way,

"I'm done with the world, I will serve Jesus;
I'm done with the world, I will serve God."

At the first New Castle, Pennsylvania, camp-meeting, two sisters, who were not noted for their piety, came into the love-feast one morning with their faces "powdered." Brother Barrett saw it instantly, and at the first opportunity sprang to his feet and said, "The glory of God in the heart is a great deal better than paint and powder to make

people good looking," and then he jumped and shouted all over the platform. The sisters hastily withdrew, and from that on there was no sign of paint on their faces.

Brother Barrett was quick to detect when one was speaking without the unction of God. At a camp-meeting held at Duke Center, Pennsylvania, he was one day put in charge of the love-feast. A man got up and consumed a good deal of time, talking long and dry, and when it seemed that the whole meeting would be spoiled unless he sat down and gave his neighbors a chance to speak, Brother Barrett got up and kindly shouted, "*Give him the jingle, Lord; give him the jingle!*" The good brother sat down and the Spirit fell upon the people, and freedom and liberty came into the meeting.

A Master of Circumstances

Mr. Barrett was master of himself under all circumstances. One night during a camp-meeting at Clarkson, New York, a severe rain storm accompanied by lightning and thunder visited the camp. The bed in which he slept was drenched with the rain, but he seemed as happy as though reclining in an arm chair in front of a cozy fireplace, and in the midst of the peals of thunder, the flashes of lightning, and the dripping rain on his bed he shouted the praises of God.

Going down a prominent hillside avenue in Oil City, Pennsylvania, one time, he fell heavily on the icy walk and began to slide down the incline in a ludicrous manner. Before he could get to his feet,

he had coasted a considerable distance. Nothing escaped his lips *en route* but a groan; but when he drew up the air was rent with shouts of praise to God. Under a similar occurrence a sinner might have regarded the matter as a misfortune and used profane and blasphemous language. And why should not a child of God view the accident in relation to what might have happened and praise God for His goodness.

Hid Behind the Cross

Mr. Barrett had a unique way of doing some things. He kept C. B. Barrett out of sight and let the Holy Spirit operate through him. A lady had just been saved and still wore a costly gold ring. Mr. Barrett said nothing to her about wearing gold, but taking her hand in his he sang,

“Take my silver and my gold,
Jesus, the light of the world;
Not a mite would I withhold,
Jesus, the light of the world.”

The lady was powerfully convicted of that sin. (1 Peter 3: 3; 1 Tim. 2: 9.)

A Lesson in Humility

“My first acquaintance with Brother Barrett,” says a saintly minister, “was in a conference-meeting held at Ridgway, Pennsylvania. I heard some one break out in the congregation with a ‘whoo-hoo’ resembling the crowing of a rooster, and was informed that he was the ‘Happy Alleghenian.’ La-

ter I met him at a camp-meeting at Blairsville. His sight was poor, but he would say in the love-feasts, 'I can see to read my title clear, to mansions in the skies.' I was invited to dinner at the boarding tent one day, and being the stranger, was called upon to ask the blessing. When I said 'Amen,' Brother Barrett, who took his meals there, said, 'Now, brother, tell Him you will be good'; and, of course, I had to tell the Lord that I'd be good."

"He Giveth Without Measure"

He had a quaint way of saying things. If he heard a long prayer, he would say, "Don't tease the Lord so much, but praise Him." He asked a woman once if she enjoyed religion. She answered, "In a measure," upon which he instantly said, "I never enjoy it in a measure, but in my heart." He used to say that religion was not enjoyed in a "degree" or in a "measure."

A Preacher Convinced that Mr. Barrett's Way Was God's Way

"One of the greatest lessons of my life was taught me by C. B. Barrett, the 'Happy Alleghenian.' I was pastor at M., my second charge, and we were to hold our quarterly-meeting in a new place, in a Presbyterian community. Rev. J. T. Michael, of blessed memory, was the district chairman. We had never held a Free Methodist meeting there and wanted to make a good impression upon these Presbyterians. I said to my wife a few days before the quarterly-

meeting, 'I hope Brother Barrett will not come to the quarterly-meeting;' as he would make so much noise, no doubt he would frighten the Presbyterians so they would leave the meeting, with his loud hallelujahs and amens, and his customary prayer, 'Lord, have mercy on the sinners in Zion as well as out of Zion.' But who should knock at our door on the very morning we were to start for the meeting but Brother Barrett, and his first question was, 'Where is your quarterly-meeting?' Of course we had to tell him, but we laid emphasis on its being in a Presbyterian neighborhood, hoping for once he would be a little less boisterous. He accompanied us, however, and was the same Brother Barrett, with his shouts and 'Ha-ha-ha-mens.' In his first prayer, he asked the Lord to give Brother Michael 'an old-fashioned, backwoods touch.' At the closing service Sunday evening, to my great surprise, the Presbyterians who attended our meeting gathered around Brother Barrett and insisted on his staying for a week or longer to hold meetings; but they never asked Brother Michael nor myself to stay even over one night. I came away a wiser preacher than before, feeling that the Lord understood His business better than I did." (Rev. W. B. Roupe.)

"Keep in the Middle of the Way"

A certain minister with his wife and two children went down into the edge of Pennsylvania one time to hold a quarterly-meeting. They were met at the depot by Mr. Barrett and another minister with a span of runaway horses, and soon started for

a four-mile drive into the country, over very muddy roads. After going about a hundred rods, the horses took fright and ran at a terrible speed, the mud flying in all directions and almost completely covering them. Holding to the front seat Brother Barrett raised himself up and shouted to the brother who was driving "Keep in the middle of the way! keep in the middle of the way!" And the horses were kept in the middle of the road until they ran themselves down. They finally reached the place of the meeting in safety, and after washing the mud off their clothes, thanked the Lord for preserving their lives. After that he spiritualized their experience, and said we must keep in the middle of the King's highway and we would be safe and reach heaven. *He* ever did, and has reached that place.

Got Blest Easily

"Brother Barrett would get blest the quickest of any person I ever saw. He lived on blessing ground. If a meeting became dull and low in interest, he would resurrect it with new life and power. His short, pithy testimonies always brought the fire down. I shall never forget them. I once attended Brother R. W. Hawkins' camp-meeting at Franklin, Pennsylvania. I reached the ground about noon, and immediately after dinner Brother Barrett invited me to take a walk with him up the mountain to see the oil derricks in the valley and on the mountain sides. Coming to a beautiful shade tree, Brother Barrett said it was a good place to get blest, and getting down on his knees he began to

pray and then to shout. Bounding to his feet, he leaped and jumped, and down the hill he ran. I soon caught up to him and we rejoiced together. He was a blessed man and knew how to touch God." (Rev. A. A. Burgess.)

While dining at the home of a brother in the Lord, he noticed these words on the bread-plate, "Give us this day our daily bread," and he began to shout and praise the Lord. The family were at a loss to know why he got blest, until he pointed to the words on the plate.

At one time he was talking with a minister on a camp-ground, when a lady came to them and said: "Brother Barrett, how is it that you always get blest so quickly?" He replied, "I will tell you how it is, sister; I get down humble and thank the Lord for all He has done for me till He blesses me, and then I ask for what I want and get it quick, *Ha-Ha-Hallelujah*; I did not know I was going to get that one."

Unique Testimony

"I was not personally acquainted with Brother Barrett, and saw him only once that I remember, at a camp-meeting at Uniontown, Pennsylvania, about the year 1897. He was sitting between the altar and the preachers' stand, and all at once he threw up his hands and laughingly said, in his characteristic way, '*Ready, ready, ready!*' This was my introduction to him, and I did not know what he meant by being ready. But when I heard him testify and say that he was all packed up and ready to

go when the Lord would call him, and that he had a ticket clear through, I began to see the reason for his joyful expressions." (Rev. J. F. Collins.)

One day during a certain camp-meeting, the elder asked Brother Barrett to take charge of a ring-meeting, a formation of people for testimony in the open air. He led the way to a suitable place within the enclosure of tents, and after a song or two, the reading of the word, and prayers, he commenced to relate the goodness of God to him. He had come to the ring hobbling along with a cane, and was so lame that he bore considerable weight on it, having sprained his ankle. It was not long until he got blest, and throwing his cane to the ground he skipped like a ten-year-old boy back and forth across the open space within the ring. Then he exclaimed, "*WHO-WHOO! heaven lies in this direction this morning.*"

Brother Barrett would step out into the center of a ring-meeting and announce himself as "C. B. Barrett, the Happy Alleghenian, from the headwaters of the Allegheny river." He had scoffers at his command at once. They became intensely interested as he would relate the account of his conversion. He would dance in the Spirit like David before the ark of the Lord, utter his characteristic whoop, and quickly step back for another to testify.

One time in the city of Pittsburgh, the Smithfield M. E. church was having an all-day meeting, and in the afternoon, Brother Barrett, a perfect stranger to all of them, slipped into the church and listened to their testimonies. When the Spirit

moved he arose and said, "They used to call me the 'Wild Alleghenian.' I used to pilot rafts on the river; would come to Pittsburgh with a bottle of whisky in my pocket and the devil in my heart. But now they call me the 'Happy Alleghenian'; I come down to Pittsburgh with a Bible in my pocket, and the glory of God in my heart—*Ha-ha-hal-le-lu-jah!*"

Characteristic Sermons

"About the last time I saw Brother Barrett was at a camp-meeting at Uniontown, Pennsylvania. As he came down to the preachers' stand, the first day of the meeting, carrying in one hand his little, well-worn leather case, which contained the greater part of his earthly possessions, and his cane in the other, his face was all aglow with the glory of God. Elder D. B. Tobey asked him to preach to us. He announced a text, but we did not hear anything from it. In a general way, after removing his spectacles, which he called 'eyes,' he told of his wayward life on the Allegheny river, and that his pocket contained a tin flask of whisky instead of the word of God; and of his attending camp-meetings and making fun for the boys by preaching mock sermons to them. He also told of his last attempt to entertain them with a sermon. While relating his experience, his face shone with the presence of God. I was greatly impressed with his saintly appearance. With all his eccentricities, he accomplished much in the salvation of souls. When I think of this holy man, as he lived the Christ-life among men,

and bore His visible image, I feel like exclaiming, *'Oh, my Lord, to shine like that, even in glory, would be great!'*" (Rev. C. E. Weaver.)

"He was an eccentric character, naturally, and had a happy way and manner of speech that was uncommon and quite interesting. He assisted me in revival-meetings once and upon one occasion I persuaded him to preach. The only things I can remember about his discourse were his text, 'They looked unto Him and were lightened' (Psa. 34: 5), his reference to his being known as the 'Happy Alleghenian,' and his conversion in McKean county, Pennsylvania. 'He first took a text; secondly, left it; and thirdly, never got back to it.' His presence and his oft-repeated 'Ha-ha-mens' were an inspiration to me whenever I was with him in meetings." (Rev. J. D. Rhodes.)

Exercises the Gift of Prophecy

"While I was leader of the class in East Hickory, Pennsylvania, Brother Barrett came to the meeting one Sunday morning, and in the class-meeting he got up and prophesied under the inspiration of the Spirit. There were about thirty saints present, and stretching his arms out toward them, he said in words about like these: 'You are having good times together; this is the very gate of heaven; the Lord is in this place, and is wonderfully blessing you. But He is fitting you up for a great work and will soon scatter us to the four corners of the earth.' In a short time they began to go, one here and another there, until there were only six, I believe, left. They

carried the great tidings of salvation wherever they went, and as far as I know only one or two fell by the way.

"The last time I saw him was a short time before he was taken to the Gerry Home. He sent for me to come where he was staying, saying he wanted me to pray for him. When I went into the room, he walked up to me and laying his hands on my head he looked up to heaven and asked the Lord to bless and keep me in all places; and then he said the day would come when I would go to a far country to preach salvation. I little thought at that time that I would ever be in this northern country (Alaska). It often seems that I can feel those saintly hands on my head and hear his words of cheer in times of trial." (Rev. R. M. Whitcomb.)

At Camp-meetings

It was Mr. Barrett's usual custom when first coming upon a camp-ground to give one of his spiritual war-whoops. He began that habit early in his Christian life. "Brother Barrett came to a camp-meeting near Allegany, New York, in the summer of 1861, and the first salute we had from him was one of his characteristic shouts of '*Glory to Jesus!*'" (Rev. Wm. Manning.) He would exclaim, "The King is in the camp!" and then would blow his breath with a force that could be heard fifty or a hundred yards distant. Then rubbing his hands together as if in the act of washing them, he would go into a tent to pray.

Mr. Barrett was a prominent figure even at

camp-meetings. But his prominence was not of the kind that desired recognition. He was not hurt at being slighted. He was sufficiently humble to get down on his knees in the stand with the bishop, elder, and a score of preachers, pray about two dozen words, shout hallelujah, and jump to his feet, ready to halloo "amen" when the preacher began his sermon; or to sing a ditty of ancient verse, which no one else would dare to sing alone. No one who ever heard him will forget his ditty which ran thus:

"He shook the manna tree; He shook the manna tree;
He shook for you and He shook for me,
My Lord, He shook the manna tree."

Nor will he forget the usual "*who-whoo*" which followed, as with hands thrown above his head, and with quivering fingers, the effulgent glory of the Lord overflowed his soul.

XVI

GOD AND THE MINUTIÆ OF LIFE

BY REV. A. D. ZAHNISER

Among the millions of men and women that go to make up the masses, there are no two faces the features of which are identical. This is equally true with reference to the general character and characteristics of the individuals comprising the whole human family. And since regeneration does not destroy individuality, nor add any new natural or mental powers, the same absence of monotony and refreshing variety is found in the spiritual realm. In the rank and file of the human race, the rule is that of common resemblance rather than radical contrast. There are, and ever have been, a few persons possessing a strong individuality, peculiarity, and eccentricity, coupled with an intensity of nature and largeness of soul, which places them in marked contrast with the common classes by which they are surrounded. They do not necessarily possess superior intelligence, but a quickness of perception and quaint shrewdness, which with the other characteristics named, usually make them favorites among their fellows, and cause them unconsciously to attract more than ordinary attention. Such was the subject of this sketch. In a large congregation comprising many brilliant and talented

ministers, no one person in the entire company would attract more favorable attention and comment than Clifford B. Barrett.

It is the object of this chapter, particularly, to call the attention of the reader to a few instances in his life illustrating the manner in which he recognized God in the little things of life, proving that "He who marks the sparrow's fall," and numbers the hairs of our heads, is pleased to be consulted in the smallest details that enter into the lives of His children.

My first recollection of having met the "Happy Alleghenian" was at a district quarterly-meeting held at Oil City, Pennsylvania, about the year 1889. On the following Monday morning, as a company of us were crossing the bridge to the north side to take the train, we were surprised and almost shocked at the sudden cry of "FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!" Others, not of our company, stopped and looked in every direction, trying to locate the conflagration. It seemed difficult for them to realize that it was Brother Barrett's soul that was on fire. -

He styled himself the "Lord's chore boy," and seemed delighted to do the little things so necessary to the success of God's work, and so frequently either despised or overlooked by many as unworthy of their attention. He took great delight in keeping the plank seats swept and properly adjusted at the many camp-meetings which he attended, going over them after each service, and many other details of like character. He insisted on praying after each meal, and would say, "Daniel prayed three times a day,

and God delivered him from the lions, so that they did not hurt him any more than so many kittens; let us pray;” and almost before the rest of the company were well settled on their knees, he would have prayed through, been blest, and be up shouting the praises of God.

On a certain occasion he came to help me in a revival effort at Davy Hill, Pennsylvania. We were at the home of James Huey, in Tidioute, and before leaving he said, “Let us pray,” and suiting the action to the suggestion, he dropped on his knees and prayed as follows: “O Lord, Thou didst send them out anciently two and two; now here we are, Arthur and me, he just a young fellow starting out, and me an old Father in Israel; now Lord here is a good chance; bless us; bless us—*Ha-ha-men! Hal-le-lu-jah! Glory!*” and he was up and off. I was conscious of a divine uplift and spiritual help, which I recognized was a direct result of, and an immediate answer to that simple prayer.

He sometimes made very amusing expressions or ejaculations in revival services; for example, in the meeting referred to above a very dressy young lady was saved, and in testimony was telling how she had been led to take the narrow way. Brother Barrett, observing that she had discarded some flowers from her head-dress, exclaimed, “*Hallelujah!* I am glad to see the hollyhocks and sunflowers dropping off.” These expressions, however, did not seem to impress one as light or trifling, or to drive away conviction.

On a certain occasion I had mislaid a deed,

which I wished to take to the city to have placed on record. The carriage was waiting at the door, but we searched in vain for the paper, and in the midst of our embarrassment and confusion, Brother Barrett said, "Let us pray," and prayed as follows: "O Lord, help us to find this deed; if Arthur has been careless and has not put the paper away as carefully as he ought, forgive him, and help him to do better the next time; but, O Lord, we need this deed, and Thou knowest where it is unless the rats have eaten it. Help us to find it quick, Amen." I arose half amused, but strange to say went direct to where the lost deed was, and in a few moments was off to the city.

He quickly detected when those with whom he was associated were under pressure or temptation. One Monday morning, while driving from my Sunday appointments, on my first circuit, in company with him, I was trying to act cheerful and cover my feelings, when he said, "You are tempted, Brother Zahniser, are you not?" I responded, "Yes, Brother Barrett. I can't preach a bit; I might just as well give it up first as last. The Lord did not help me a bit Sunday; there was absolutely no good done; I might just as well have stayed at home and gone to hear some one who could preach." He replied, "Oh, look up, look up; say praise the Lord five times, a little louder each time, and you will feel better." He urged me, but I contended that it would be hypocritical for me to praise the Lord when I did not feel like it. He started, "Praise the Lord, *praise the Lord*," but before he reached the

fifth time, he broke forth into his spiritual war-whoop, ending up with his "Ha-ha-men, hal-le-lu-jah, glory."

I have profited by his exhortation and good example many times since; and have been able by offering the sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving in times of severe pressure and temptation to clear the clouded sky, purify the polluted atmosphere, and drive Satan from the field.

Personally I owe much to this precious man of God. And I shall never cease to praise the Lord that in the providence of God our paths ran parallel for a short period in this time-life, and trust that sufficient of his mantle may have fallen on me to warrant my assuming his chosen title, "The Lord's chore boy." Through the merits of Jesus' blood and the assisting grace of God, we shall meet him in the morning over there.

XVII

THE DEPARTURE

In the year of 1898, Mr. Barrett's physical vigor and strength began rapidly to fail him. As time passed it became apparent to him that his malady, which had afflicted him less severely for a number of years, was unyielding to medical treatment and was becoming more stern and distressing in its rapid development. With grave apprehensions that he was afflicted with that dread ailment, Bright's disease, his friends, with solicitous care, brought to his aid the best local medical skill. And their fears proved to be founded on certain grounds.

Being no longer able to travel about in the work, in the fall of that year, he was most hospitably received into the homes of Free Methodist people at Tionesta, Pennsylvania. He remained there during the winter and following spring, and was tenderly cared for. In his weakened and suffering condition, he continued without abatement, but instead with increased affliction. But the Lord kept him in perfect peace, and enabled him to bear his sufferings with illustrious fortitude. With the coming of summer weather, arrangements were made for his removal to Oil City, where he was gratefully cared for in a Free Methodist home.

Before the summer and fall months had all

passed, the rapid advancement of disease, together with natural decrepitude incident to old age, had made such inroads upon his vitality that the ordinary care of private homes, although freely given, had become too heavy to be borne unaided. It would have greatly pleased him to have stayed at Tionesta the remainder of his days. That place was most like home to him; ever and anon it brought to his mind memories of past associations, with one whose loving character had made a life-long impress on his mind and heart. It was always his desire to be buried there after death, and in his sickness he did not wish to be removed so far distant that he could not, without incurring great expense, be taken there for burial. In a vision or dream at a time during his illness, he saw his own grave as an open excavation, and afterward said he could locate the exact spot. As he looked down into the grave, instead of being filled with horror it appeared to him as a most blessed place. The presence of Jesus and the glory of God filled every atom of space, and he felt that where Jesus was he could go without reluctance or trepidation.

The annual conference of the Free Methodist church was held in Oil City in the fall of 1899, and the matter of Mr. Barrett's care was brought up before that body in session. With the view to obtaining his consent to go to the Free Methodist home for old people at Gerry, New York, a committee was appointed to wait upon him. The brethren called upon Mr. Barrett, and after having prayers with him, the subject of his removal was broached, men-

tion being made of plans for his interment at Tionesta. The upshot of the matter was that they left Mr. Barrett in a very happy frame of mind and much blest in soul.

However, he did not immediately go to the "Gerry Home." Through the efforts of a physician and some of the ministers, he was prevailed upon as a needful measure looking to his physical benefit to go to the Oil City hospital for a few weeks.

A few days after he was taken to the hospital, he was called upon by Rev. D. B. Tobey, who writes concerning that visit, as follows: :

"The first time I visited Brother Barrett at the hospital, the matron accompanied me to his room, which was a very pleasant, clean apartment, with a fine view from his window of the city and surrounding country. As the matron, who was a woman of more than ordinary intelligence, opened the door, she said, 'Father Barrett, here is your friend, Mr. Tobey,' and turned to leave the room. But Father Barrett called her back. She stepped inside and closed the door, and then stood at the foot of his bed. Brother Barrett raised himself on his elbow, and then turning to me said, 'This lady is one of the kindest friends I have ever had. If I were a king, I could ask for no better treatment than I receive at her hands. She sees to it that all my needs and wants are provided for, and calls upon me herself often; and look at my pleasant room!' Then looking up to her, he said, 'This is my old friend and presiding elder. I was in the little old school-house, up in Forest county, when God saved him.' And

after a few more words of praise to us and to his God, the matron left the room with tears rolling down her face. It may be that eternity alone will reveal why God wanted him to go to the Oil City hospital.’

In November Mr. Barrett, then nearing the end of life's journey and the glorious and certain realization of the blessed hope of eternal life, went to the “Gerry Home.” It was not apparent at that time that he was so near the end, however. But this world was to retain him only a short time.

He was fully ripe in character for eternal glory; in all things that pertained to godliness, he lacked nothing. At the “Gerry Home” his victorious life was an incomparable blessing to all. His loving and patient spirit, manifested under all circumstances, made a deep impression upon the inmates, while his deep piety and earnest devotion were an inspiration to better things. Many were drawn closer to Jesus, and brought into a nearer relationship in love one with another.

The following letter, written by Mrs. Mary White Chesbrough, speaks for itself:

“Being a niece of Brother Barrett, I often had a desire to meet him, but never had the opportunity to do so until I was engaged as a nurse at the ‘Gerry Home,’ where he spent the last months of his life. I shall always think of that privilege as a most blessed one. There were so many little incidents that occurred, which showed what a loving and patient disposition he possessed. Generally as old people begin to grow feeble and dependent upon others,

there is a tendency to be gloomy and often peevish and irritable. But it was not so with him. Sometimes as I would happen to be in the old people's sitting room, they would be engaged in conversation in which a little disagreement would arise, as is often the case. Uncle Clifford would be sitting there listening, when suddenly he would jump to his feet and begin praising the Lord, and would say, 'Let us sing and be happy.' And it would change the conversation.

"He also had a way with the children there that made them love and respect him. Sometimes on retiring to his room at night, he would discover that certain duties, which should have been attended to by one of the boys, had been neglected. Instead of complaining to those in charge, he would go to the head of the stairs and say, 'I wonder where my boy is to-night.' So in all the little things of life, he seemed to be blest with such a kind and loving way."

In the fleeting hours of time, the approach of the inevitable lot of man is without deferment. And "blessed are they that do His commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city" (Rev. 22: 14). The final moment of Mr. Barrett's demise was directly imminent. But the gentle wafting from time to eternity by angelic beings meant only the retarded liberation of his outstretching spirit; the timely bursting, as it were, of the beautiful bud into the gorgeous perfection and completeness of full bloom. In the whispered stillness of his sick chamber, hallowed by God, angels and saints, as he strug-

gled in the grasp of death, the impulse of a last utterance came upon him, and above the sound of subdued sobs about him there came from his parched lips these last dying words, "*Oh, help me praise the Lord.*" And then a convoy of angels bore his triumphant spirit away to its eternal rest, to be forever with Jesus. He died December 17, 1899, aged seventy-eight years, seven months, and eleven days.

Mr. Barrett had saved a few dollars toward the erection of a tombstone, not as a memento of his life's work, but as a means of preaching the gospel of the saving power of Jesus' blood until the crumbling of granite declares the day of final consummation. In Riverside cemetery at Tionesta a beautiful monument bears this inscription: "C. B. Barrett, The Happy Alleghenian; Gone to Glory, Washed in the Blood of the Lamb."

XVIII

IMPRESSIONS AND TRAITS OF A UNIQUE CHARACTER

In this chapter are given various impressions and distinctive traits of Mr. Barrett's character.

MRS. JENNIE TOBEY

Mrs. Jennie Tobey, widely known as "Grandma" Tobey, has graced and wonderfully enlivened many camp-, quarterly-, and revival-meetings throughout the Oil City and Pittsburgh conferences of the Free Methodist church, and her prayers have wrought wonders by the Spirit of God. Her saintly character is like that of Jesus. The following is an extract from her letter :

"Brother Barrett was at our home a great deal, and would go to his room many times a day to pray. He called it secret prayer; but the young people thought it was not very secret; they could hear him sometimes a long way from the house. A school teacher boarded with us at that time, and Brother Barrett would never let her go to her school after she got saved without first having prayers. Many times I have seen him get up in the midst of our breakfast and say, 'Let us pray.' And he would pray for God to help her teach that day; then we would finish our

meal. On one occasion he said, 'I like to pray when the devil is not expecting it.' He had wonderful faith in prayer, and used to say that if we met all the conditions required of us God had to hear us. When money or anything else was given him, he would say, 'I thank Jesus first, then you.' Holiness was his constant theme, and the words 'hallelujah' and 'amen' were ever on his tongue. In our family worship he would always call upon the young converts to pray, and would seize every opportunity to help them."

J. B. COREY

My first acquaintance with Brother Barrett was at a camp-meeting held by Rev. R. W. Hawkins at Oil City, Pennsylvania, in the summer of 1871. He was then called the "Happy Alleghenian." All that was needed to start him to shouting, was for him to see sinners flocking to the mourner's bench, or for some one in his testimony to say, "I shall never forget the day when Jesus washed my sins away." Brother Barrett would exclaim, "Me, too," and then give one of his familiar whoops.

His shouts greatly aided in creating interest in meetings, and his testimonies and talks were a great help to seekers. Brother Hawkins thought he was not equipped to hold a revival without the "Happy Alleghenian" to help him shout it through.

REV. C. H. MILLER

During the few years that I was privileged to know Clifford B. Barrett, "the Happy Alleghenian,"

there were two things about him that strongly impressed me. One was his constant, childlike communion with God, the other his loving thoughtfulness of others.

I first met him at a camp-meeting at Blairsville, Pennsylvania, during the summer of 1898. The next fall the conference sent me to the Oil City circuit. Brother Barrett's headquarters were at the home of Brother Joseph Kennedy at that place. As we were strangers he seemed to feel a fatherly care for us, being very solicitous for our comfort and welfare. We still have a pair of woolen blankets which he bought for us, fearing that we did not have sufficient bedclothes for the severe winter weather. He also gave us a gas stove for our bedroom. He would frequently come in and take dinner with us, but always brought something with him, as he said the Lord did not allow him to board off the preachers.

Truly, as St. Paul says, "Though we have many instructors yet have we not many fathers," and the crying need of the church to-day is for more fathers in Israel who, like Brother Barrett, will beget sons and daughters to God. He was a man of piety, faith, and prayer and "being dead, he yet speaketh."

REV. J. W. HEADLEY

It has been about thirty-six years since I first met Brother Barrett at a camp-meeting at Summerfield, Ohio. He came to my tent, and after shaking hands with all present, he said that he always prayed the first thing after coming on a camp-ground, so

the devil would not tempt him. All bowed, and he thanked the Lord that he was on the ground, telling Him that He gave him the "chinks" to come; he then said, "Hallelujah! Amen!" and we got up. Brother Barrett said that he had started without money, but some one had given him the means by which to get through, and he took it as from the hand of God. One day in telling how the Lord used him in new places where the people were not acquainted with him, he said that the Lord did not bless him to jump at first, but after the people became more accustomed to him, He blest him to jump a little, and then after a while He *turned him loose*.

REV. WILLIAM RICHARDS

I first met Brother Barrett in the late seventies of 1800, and saw him many times after that, the last time at the hospital in Oil City, just before he received the call to come up higher. All through our intercourse, I noted his high spirituality. He never lowered the high note of praise to God or lost the victory. In every meeting he seemed to be on the same line of holiness and power that impressed me so much at first, with the same reaching out for souls. Although not an educated man, through the power of the Spirit he made himself understood and *accomplished much that others with greater education, but with less tact, left undone*. To my mind his gift was that of a *still hunter*. God honored him at our annual gatherings and set him on a hill where he could shine before the thousands present, and shake the sandy foundations of those who were not fully saved.

REV. WILLIAM GOULD

I became acquainted with this "Happy White Mountain Yankee," as he would sometimes style himself, by attending several camp-meetings held in our eastern conferences, several years ago. His unique character did not fail to impress me strongly. He belonged to the eccentric corps, and was one of the skirmishers of God's salvation army. He was a remarkable example of what God can do with a man, picked up from the common ranks of life, who made no pretensions to culture, scholarship, or social refinement, but who was wholly given up to the will of God. He was a spiritual genius, unlike any one else, of marked individuality, yet ready to work in double harness lovingly; humble without needless bashfulness; unoffensively singular; simple but not silly; always but unobtrusively busy in the work of the Lord. I never saw him take the pulpit; and he certainly did not pose as a sermonizing preacher or theologian. Yet he was always ready to pour out of a full heart the testimony of Jesus in such a way as to command attention and convey conviction. He was abundant in personal work. In meetings and out of meetings, from morning until night, he could be found conversing, testifying or singing. I shall never forget one of his prayers at the close of a very busy day of spiritual labor. He came in to occupy a place in the preachers' tent which had been assigned to him. Dropping on his knees, he said, "O Lord, you have been blessing me all day; I will not tease you to bless me now, but give me one kiss and let me go

to sleep." In his experience he manifested the fruit of the Spirit, which is joy, very abundantly. He was overflowingly happy. His heart was always bubbling over with gladness. He enjoyed the New Nature, and let it act naturally. One of his frequent ejaculations was, "Oh, what a heaven I belong to!" His happiness was contagious. You could not be miserable very long in his company. The joy of the Lord was his strength. Transformed from the rough life of a raftsmen on the Ohio to happy sainthood in the kingdom of God, his life was an inspiration to the godly, and a conviction to the ungodly. He will be found among those who will shine like the stars in the kingdom of God forever and ever.

Says Bishop William Pearce: "In the annals of Methodism Brother Barrett was, I should say, as victorious and divinely happy as Billy Bray. He represents so fully the victorious side of Christian experience, his life forming a splendid comment upon many of the Psalms of David."

REV. A. H. M. ZAHNISER

I cherish the memory of Brother Barrett because of his intrinsic worth as a man of God, and because of his special interest in my soul and our personal friendship. He was truly a saint, and ever sought to "walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing, being fruitful in every good work, and increasing in the knowledge of God; strengthened with all might, according to His glorious power unto all patience and long-suffering with joyfulness; giving thanks

unto the Father" (Col. 1: 10-12). By faith he obtained extraordinary answers to prayer. One of his apt sayings was, "Over anxiety is not faith."

He would urge the young Christians not to cast away their confidence in some such manner as this: "Now, if you know the Lord has accepted you, and blest you, and you haven't knowingly or intentionally done anything wrong since you were blest—whether you feel good or not, or whether you feel blest—just look right up and tell the Lord, 'O Lord, Thou knowest I was forgiven and all clear, and blest, and I haven't done anything wrong that I know of, and I believe Thee, I claim Thee, whether blest or not, as my Savior—HAL-LE-LU-JAH!'" One of his shouts would invariably come in. His inimitable shout of victory, followed by a loud hallelujah, made one think of an Indian war-whoop, and inspired one to conquest.

REV. J. B. FREELAND

Among the persons that were associated with me in my earlier years, who were the means of strengthening and developing my moral character, I recognize Clifford B. Barrett. He was quite a number of years my senior, and also saved and sanctified wholly, I believe, before I met him. One of the earliest incidents that I can recall was in connection with his visit at my father's home in the village of Allegany, New York, some fifty-eight years ago. We had prayers one morning, as we usually did, and Brother Barrett got ready to leave us. He shook

my hand heartily and exhorted me to be faithful and *do my duty*, which caused me to answer him that it was not doing my duty that troubled me, but that it was my heart. This was answered quickly and kindly with the remark that what I needed was a clean heart. He gave me a copy of that then most excellent publication, "The Guide to Holiness," and I then became a subscriber and continued to take it until in after years Brother B. T. Roberts published the "Earnest Christian." I received much encouragement and instruction from its monthly visits, and some two and one-half years after my conversion, at a camp-meeting, I entered into the precious experience.

In the spring of the year after my conversion, it was in the providence of God my duty to go down the Allegheny river with my father, who was a lumberman as well as farmer. I had met Brother Barrett casually, and when we reached Cincinnati, Ohio, I found my elder brother there also, caring for the rafts of another man. It used to be proverbial of those converted in the winter, that they always left their religion down the river. I purposed in my heart that I would keep mine. In the providence of God, Brother Barrett and I met then, and instead of congregating with the raftsmen we attended a Methodist meeting together. This doubtless had much to do in strengthening me against the enemy, and I returned home saved, though young in years and in grace. I always felt that I was much indebted to the influence of Brother Barrett, for this

first acquaintance was continued for years, much to my profit.

BISHOP BURTON R. JONES

I first became acquainted with Brother Barrett during a series of meetings at Eckford, Michigan, in the winter of 1867. He was then known as the "Happy Alleghenian." His smiling countenance, cheerful spirit, earnest prayers and exhortations, together with his aptness in saying the right thing at the right time, added much to the interest and success of the meetings. At the altar service he would lay hold of the throne of grace with such childlike simplicity and confidence that God often honored his faith in the special outpouring of the Holy Spirit and the gracious deliverance of burdened hearts. He never wearied in the Master's service. Such was his devotion to God and His work that at any time or place, as occasion might require, he would drop upon his knees and pour out his heart in earnest prayer for those who were in need of help. Brother Barrett was always a welcome guest at the home of the pilgrims. Many who have been helped and encouraged by his humble ministrations will rise up in the great day and call him blessed.

REV. W. B. ROUPE

The first time I ever saw C. B. Barrett was at a camp-meeting at Tionesta, Pennsylvania, to which I drove several miles on Sunday to see Sister Jennie ("Grandma") Tobey walk across the Allegheny river

on the water, which it was reported she would do. After witnessing a large immersion service, I followed the people to the camp-ground, and there for the first time saw the "Happy Alleghenian," who was a very prominent figure, and reminded me of a clown in a circus. My father told me that the Free Methodists kept him on purpose to holler amen and hallelujah, and I thought he did it to perfection.

I was not converted and thought he was crazy. After I was saved I met him often in the meetings, and he was one of the instruments in the hands of the Lord of helping me in my early experience. I remember how he used to lead prayer-meetings and urge the young converts to pray and speak. He believed in every one serving the Lord with all his powers, and when he saw a brother kneeling on one knee, he would ask if there was anything wrong with the other knee. If a minister seemed to be having a hard time preaching, he would say, "Lord, clap fire on him." He never liked dry, dead meetings. He always wanted to see the manifestation of the Spirit in the preaching and in the singing. He was always an inspiration in the home as well as in the house of God, and was welcome in every Christian home. He always started for the train an hour or so before it was due to leave. I asked him once why he went so early, and he answered, "I always want to be on time, and perhaps Jesus has something for me to do before the train starts." He obeyed the injunction, "As you go, preach."

He would sometimes say, "They used to call me

the 'Wild Alleghenian' when I was running lumber down the river. I had a whisky bottle in one pocket and a deck of cards in the other and the devil in my heart; but now I have the Bible in one pocket and a hymn-book in the other and Jesus in my heart."

REV. ALBERT BEAN

It has been asked, "What is a saint?" The answer was, "A saint is one who is cannonaded while he lives and canonized two hundred years after he dies." But with Clifford B. Barrett the statement does not apply. He was a saint while he lived, and was as well a man of extraordinary traits of character.

He was peculiar. But none can blame him for being so; as all he did and said was so unthought of and yet so well fitted to the occasion. It was my privilege to be with Brother Barrett in possibly twenty or twenty-five camp-meetings in the states, and about sixteen in Canada, besides many other meetings, covering a period of twenty years; and thus to travel and room and associate with one so much and not be able to call to mind one occasion or one word unbecoming the life of a saint is no mean tribute of honor to pay Brother Barrett. Rev. James Craig often said when summing up the expenses of camp-meetings, "What are Brother Barrett's expenses? We know it is as necessary to have him as it is the tabernacle."

He was devotional. He was preeminently a man of prayer, day and night. Oftentimes he would arise

in the night and wait in silent prayer upon the Lord, especially if the meeting was not going well. To those who knew him best it was evident that many spiritual victories have turned on his midnight prayers.

He had tact. Though not scholarly, yet he was a man of one book, *i. e.*, the Bible, and it was his defense with critics and also his stronghold in dealing with those seeking the Lord. So familiar was he with all the promises and all the invitations therein, and added to that those gems of song and poetry so suited to support a struggling soul seeking God, that if one meant business with the Lord, he was sure to find Him.

He had brotherly love. He was exceedingly jealous of the honor of the brethren and the church. On one occasion, in company with others, the conversation turned upon an absent brother, and Brother Barrett laid his arm around the shoulder of the complainant and said, "Brother, have you told this brother his fault?" In matters of this kind, like Hester Ann Rogers, he would often say if we have nothing better to talk about, let us pray. When the talk turned to another absent one, he dropped at the roadside and said, "Let us pray," and before any one knew what was going on he was up and going, saying, "Hallelujah, the devil didn't know that we were going to stop talking about that good brother so quickly, did he?" Although that was not premeditated, yet it was very effectual. I used to shave him, but he always carried a razor and kept it in trim himself. He said

once, "Brother Bean, some people sharpen their razor like they pray; they don't know when to stop; after they have a good edge on it they will wear it off. So when you pray, let it be a short meter prayer, and do the long meter praying in secret."

He had faith. Of the Billy Bray type, he felt that God was too wise to make the least mistake; too good to be unkind: hence his childish trust and boundless confidence in God in all of life's events. He seemed at times to be presumptuous, and I have feared lest he was over bold. And yet when simple faith was rewarded, I would long for such great faith.

His encouragement. Always an inspiration, especially at altar services in a hard pull for victory, he, like Phil Sheridan, appeared on the field with a few amens and simple prayers and the tide broke in victory, while the shouts of new-born souls were heard. And as quick as he came was he gone, as I have often found, to the tent to pray.

His counsel. Living in the Spirit, his counsel was safe. He never advised wrongly and never failed to give advice when needed. One bit of advice he gave me when I was just converted served me well in after years. Said he: "Now, Brother Bean, look out for those kid-glove, plug-hat, gold-headed-cane preachers. They will not advise you to do wrong deliberately, but will tell you there is no need of being so particular about little things. If you listen they will sidetrack you, and you will grieve the Spirit and lose the blessing. Brother Bean, I would rather

take the old roast-potato, Johnny-cake, hallelujah route to glory than the kid-glove way.”

BISHOP WILSON T. HOGUE

I knew Brother Barrett in my childhood, and later became better acquainted with him in my ministerial work. In many respects he was a model saint. He certainly walked with God, and Christ was ever the end of all his conversation. In any company, he would always give a Christian turn to the conversation. He was an “Israelite indeed in whom was no guile.” He was a man of great faith and of incessant prayer, and knew the short cut to the throne. When he prayed, he always believed God answered, and he seldom prayed three minutes before he was praising God for the answer to his prayer. In fact he was always brief both in prayer and testimony, and also in exhortation. He never bored an audience with long and tedious remarks. He was one of the happiest saints I ever knew, and he had the rare faculty of making others happy. His thoughtfulness for the comfort and good of others being a leading trait, he always made as little trouble as possible wherever he was entertained. He was a quaint and picturesque character—quaint in manner and in speech, and picturesque in his whole personality.

BISHOP E. P. HART

Clifford Barrett was a unique character--a class by himself. A native of New Hampshire, he was widely known as “The White Mountain Yankee.”

He attended some of my camp-meetings in Michigan and we became quite well acquainted. On his return to Pennsylvania, he prevailed on Rev. R. W. Hawkins, who was a district chairman, to invite me to some of his camp-meetings.

Brother Barrett had for some years been a reckless raftsmen on the Allegheny river. "With a pack of cards in one pocket and a bottle of whisky in another," he was ever ready for any wild adventure in which such rough men might engage; but the transforming power of grace had so changed him that with all his natural enthusiasm sanctified he engaged in the work of the Lord with all the earnestness which had characterized his intercourse with the lumbermen of the Allegheny valley.

The first camp-meeting I attended in Pennsylvania was at Franklin, in August, 1873. From that time on I met him quite frequently in different parts of the state. He was always the same happy, wide-awake Christian laborer. He was with me in a meeting at Braddock. Many of the attendants were coal miners. At our afternoon meetings, while they were working in the mines, Brother Barrett would pray earnestly for "*the boys in the pit.*" One of his favorite songs had a chorus something like this:

"I've nailed my colors to the mast;
And firmly I declare,
I'll never skulk while life shall last,
And Jesus answers prayer."

And he kept the banner of the cross waving to the last, and went in glorious triumph to join the ransomed host.

REV. D. B. TOBEY

My first recollection of Brother Barrett was in June, 1878. He came with Rev. J. Barnhart and a few others to hold a meeting in the school-house at Minister, Forest county, Pennsylvania, where my father then resided, and stayed at my father's during the meeting. I did not attend the meetings at first, but one night I went and sat back in a corner. Brother Barnhart was about to close the service without an invitation to the altar, when I arose and asked him to continue the service and to pray for me. I then walked out and knelt at the bench. Brother Barrett came to me and said something that made me angry for a moment, but as he turned away, hell seemed to open before me, and I cried for mercy. Soon I found peace with God; my heart was filled with divine love, and dear old Brother Barrett was the first one I wanted to see. I threw my arms around him and it seemed in that moment our hearts were knit together never to be severed. *His prayers were a strong factor in the process of my Christian warfare all through those early days, and many times I was conscious of direct answers to his prayers in my behalf.*

His calling was peculiar. Having great power in prayer and personal work, he was a host in camp-meetings. He was original in his exhortations, prayers, and testimonies, and was always filled with the Spirit. Although a very large man, when blest he seemed as light as a feather, and would glide across the floor as nimble as a boy. Oftentimes he would

say, "I never boast of myself, a poor, wretched, lost sinner; but Jesus is all in all," and then as he would look up his face would lighten until his countenance seemed to reflect the divine, and he would say, "Oh, the brightest, brightest glory." Some of his chief characteristics were his devotedness to the cause of Christ in all its relations; *his constant, untiring contention for the freedom of the Spirit and His manifestations to the church; his power of prevailing prayer and unflinching faith; his strict and quick obedience to all the revealed will and word of God; and his deep interest in lost men and women and his untiring efforts to save them.*

Brother Barrett was noted for his good will to mankind. I never knew him to say one word against any one. He would never listen to any reports of a scandalous nature, nor repeat what he chanced to hear of an evil report, and would not allow anything to influence him against any one. Like his Master, he went about doing good to the limit of his ability. He never imbibed a bitter or harsh spirit, but to the end of life was a kind, loving, and devoted friend and Christian. One of the happiest and richest of earthly men—whom through the blood and patience of Jesus I expect to meet on the golden streets—was C. B. Barrett, the "Happy Alleghenian," of most precious memory.

REV. A. V. LEONARDSON

Clifford B. Barrett, of blessed memory, in many ways was a remarkable man. Having no educational

advantages in early life, the Lord took the rough material from the quarry of sin and fashioned and polished it according to His own liking, as a diamond of the "first water." From a rough, uncouth, unkempt riverman he was exalted by the mercy of God to become a leader of men who were thirsting after pardon and holiness. As for the wisdom and spiritual discernment manifested in this direction, he had but few equals. He seemed to read the hearts of men, and to know *how*, *when*, and *where* to apply the remedy. He was uncompromising, merciful, sympathetic; his mission seemed to be to lead crushed, broken-hearted penitents out into God's blessed sunlight. He followed the Scriptural injunction, "This one thing I do." He was ever watchful and on the alert for souls, a savior of men. His persecutions and oppositions at times were great; and for reason, he was a disturber of the slumber of moral sleepers. In the interest of all humanity, he was eminently a worker "together with God." From the fulness of his heart, he was overflowing with continual thanksgiving and praises to God, as he expressed it, "Sending the glory up and the Lord sending it down."

In leading the after service in revival-meetings, he had few equals. He was a spiritual marvel. Under his guidance and instruction seekers usually came out clear and strong, having received God's abundant pardon and blessed cleansing. It is said of Jesus that "He went everywhere doing good." In that respect Brother Barrett certainly followed the

Master. Unless he was engaged in meetings, he seemed restless; he wanted to be about his Master's business. He did not appear to spend much time in his frequent secret devotions; but he closed in with the Lord and came away freighted with blessings—bounded from his closet with loud "Hallelujahs," and "Glory to God," saying, "I am feeling for my wings." On the wings of faith and prayer he seemed to rise above the world and all surroundings and live in an upper atmosphere. As the poet expresses it,

"He had his spots, and spots are in the sun;
To err is human since the general fall;
But where do we find his equal,
All in all."

BISHOP J. S. MAC GEARY

From MacGeary's Outline History of the Free Methodist Church the following extract is taken:

Clifford B. Barrett was somewhat eccentric, and this became more marked as he grew older, but he lived and walked in the Spirit, and was mighty in prayer, simple, direct and positive in his testimonies, and oftentimes powerful in exhortation. He especially loved the young preachers of the conference, calling them usually in private, and often publicly praying for them, by their first names. His hobby was holiness. He insisted everywhere, always, that the pilgrims be "very definite" in the experience of this grace and in their testimony concerning it. His wish had always been to fall in the battle,

but this was not gratified. He was laid aside for some time before his death and was a great sufferer, but maintained his victorious experience to the last.

CONCLUSION

Seven and eleven are sacred numbers in the scriptures. They are mentioned in many passages as having import in connection with certain events or facts in the sense of the completeness, perfection, and sufficiency of God's creative and re-creative works through the gospel of Jesus Christ. Enoch was the "seventh from Adam." (Jude 14.) He was a type of perfect humanity, the number seven conveying the idea of divine completion of moral character. The eleven apostles were the foundation of the re-created church. (Ps. 51: 10; Eph. 4: 22-24.)

In the disposition of man's days on earth, God has decreed threescore and ten years, or, to use a prophetic measure, ten weeks, or seventy days, as the approximate allotment of his time. Clifford Barrett was aged seventy-eight years. He was born on Sunday, the beginning of a natural week, and died on Sunday. Counting a year for a day, he died just after the completion of the eleventh week of his life, and thus lived through the full orb of seven prophetic days eleven times. And the time he lived above the seventy-eighth year was just seven natural months and eleven days.

He was eighteen months old when his mother died; was in his eighteenth year when he entered the home of his uncle to reside; was in the army as a mis-

sionary eighteen months; and traveled in eighteen different states. Eighteen is the equivalent of eleven plus seven. He was about eleven years old when he lost one of his eyes; was skeptical of divine truth and revelation about eleven years; was a riverman eleven years; and was a member of the Methodist church eleven years. He lived with his infidel uncle seven years; and labored among the Indians seven years. He was converted in his thirty-third year; and his labors covered a period of forty-four years. Thirty-three and forty-four are divisible by eleven. He was sanctified about his thirty-fifth year; was a member of the Free Methodist church about thirty-five years; and outside of his Indian and army work, he labored about thirty-five years. Thirty-five is divisible by seven.

These "round" Scriptural numbers in connection with the life and death of Mr. Barrett are of more than passing interest, and we leave it to the reader to draw his own conclusions as to whether or not they are symbolical of moral excellence in his life.

THE END .

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